MURRAY'S ESSAYS

ON

POCAHONTAS

AND

PUSHMATAHA

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL

WITH

COPIOUS NOTES ON OKLAHOMA HISTORY

BY THE

HON. WILLIAM H. MURRAY

President: Constitutional Convention

Speaker: House of Representatives, First Legislature

Member: Sixty-third and Sixty-fourth Congress from Oklahoma

Founder of Murray Colonies of Americans in East Bolivia

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Dedication

—To—

"Somebody, staunch and true,"
Who's my aid when I'd work to do,
"Who kept a supply of love and cheer,"
For me and ours for many a year,
An excluded world ne'r reviewed our life;
Enough—for somebody's you, Dear Wife—

ALICE HEARRELL MURRAY

To whom this little volume is affectionately

DEDICATED

By ye Husband, the Author

APR 14 1924

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Bibliography

The writer is indebted to many authors of a very early period in the preparation of the Essays. Where a statement made in them would seem strangely or strikingly new to the general public, he has freely quoted the text of the author to avoid appearance on his part of over-drawing the virtues of the subjects of the Essays.

Students of History are more particularly referred to the authorities following:

Pocahontas

Capt. John Smith's "Annals," Windham Robeson's "Geneology of Pocahontas," found only in the Historical Records of Virginia and Congressional Library, Washington, D. C.; "Gen. Cabell and His Kind," Congressional Library; Thos. L. McKinney's "Indian Tribes." "Murray Collection of Indian Books," Okmulgee. Also Records of Jamestown Colony.

General Pushmataha

Historical records of Alabama and Mississippi; also Cushman's "Choctaws, Chickasaws and Natchez," Pickett's "Alabama," McKinney's "Indian Tribes," Claiborne's "Gen, Sam Dale," Jas. H. Malone's "Chickasaw Nation," etc., found in the "Murray Collection" of Indian Books—Indian Book Association, Okmulgee, Oklahoma, and War Department Records.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

The writing of these ESSAYS on General Pushmataha and the Indian maiden, Pocahontas, has been a sincere Labor of Love, growing out of a desire to see to it that their virtues may be brought out in concise form to the attention of the public, whose source of such knowledge—to some inexcessible; while others are indifferent to the merits of man or woman not of their own cast, particularly if of a racial strain not generally considered as possessing extraordinary virtues or as capable of very great or noble achievements; and still others who habitually supress the truth, if indeed they ever comprehended fully a truth of history, if that truth does not harmonize with their previous notions, which they mistake for "principles" and "convictions."

To the writer, there is no such thing as "convictions" without knowledge and a sincere love of truth—only "the truth shall make you free."

When the writer came to that portion of the Old Indian Territory, known as the "Nation" of the Chickasaw Indians, and settled in their old capital, Tishomingo, the first conception of

Indian activity, social or political, was observed in the campaign to ratify "The Atoka Agreement," the beginning of the end of the old "Nation;" and, with like movements in all the Five Civilized Tribes, the forerunner of a Sovereign State in the American Union of States. The opposing elements—the pro and con of the "Atoka Agreement"—were Philippic with The Treaties of "Doakville" and of "Dancing Rabbit Creek;" the "Net Proceeds," the "Leased District" with sundry verbatim quotations of those treaties, and of constructions placed on them by the Supreme Court and that of their own—all this was unintelligible jargon to the writer as clearly it was to everybody else, except the Indians. To fathom it, the writer made diligent inquiry of the whereabouts of the Treaties of "Dokeville" and of "Dancing-Rabbit Creek." Informed that they might be found in Vol. 7, U. S. Statutes-at-large and the Chickasaw Law Book, he began the study of them, conceiving that as a lawyer, a knowledge of them was of prime importance. He was astonished to find that of all his professional associates, not one agreed with him; but he began in earnest and was soon rewarded with contracts to represent the "Nation" in several causes at very satisfactory retainers.

During these early years I had the pleasure

of meeting with J. F. McKeel, a well educated white man, then Superintendent of the Harley Institute, one of the four academies of the Chickasaw Nation, financed and managed solely by the Tribe. Ambitious to become a lawyer he frequented my company apparently with as much pleasure as I, a stranger in a strange land, without friends, did his. Replying to his frequent questioning on how to master the law, I advised him first to master the Indian Treaties —all of them—we read them together.

A few years later he hung out his "shingle" at Ada, Oklahoma, where now for a dozen years he has been recognized as the best Indian land title lawyer in the section—indeed it would be near the truth to state that McKeel's opinion of an abstract of an Indian land title is the best to be had in the State south of the Canadian River—Alike distinction held elsewhere by Geo. S. Ramsey, Esq., of Muskogee. Some two years ago, we met and reviewed those old days, when suddenly he exclaimed: "Do you know, all I know of land titles is due to my taking your advice: 'Master the Indian Treaties' as my first lessons in the law?" This incident is recited merely to illustrate that a diligent search for the truth hath its abundant reward,—as it had in McKeel's case and mine,

in learning the truth of our surroundings which could be known only by studying those surroundings—the Indian, his institutions, antecedents, and best social and political achievements.

Too many men care nothing for those—they love the Indian with the tepee, feathers, and blankets, and the more feathers the better, because he may cajole and flatter such an Indian and rob him *ad libitum,* "within the law;" but away with the brave and wise Indian who will match wits with all comers and ask no odds. He does not want to hear of such an Indian, or believe one ever existed. "Supremacy of the white race," did I hear? Yes, I too, believe in that, not that the white race possess all the virtue, wisdom, and patriotism—not that the white man is the most truthful, most honorable, most moral, for he is not; but only because the functions and spacious powers of government are generally safer from despotism in the hands of the white than any other race, that and that only. But truth, justice, and giving credit to whom credit is due, is another thesis altogether.

While many people study the *Ethnography* of the North American Indian, few, indeed, make any pretense of a full study of their *Ethnology;* and therefore, fail to realize the wide

differences in the intellectual capacities of the several tribes—that there is as wide gradation as between the Hottentot and the imperious Scotchman. The best example of this is shown in comparing with the Osages, the brilliant lawyer and orator, John Palmer of Pawhuska, who, though a member of the Osage Tribe, is a pure blood Sioux, the Tribe of that consummate military genius, Sitting Bull.

Here and there I came across a volume that seemed to be authentic and there another, usually rare and long out of print, telling the true story of the North American Indian. I secured the book at whatever cost. At length I found myself in possession of several hundred volumes, ninety per cent of which books were out of print and difficult to obtain. These, (in order to preserve them) I but recently transferred to an Indian Library Association at Okmulgee, Oklahoma, with Judges A. L. Beckett and Orlando Swain, as guiding spirits, pledged to their protection.

Through perusal of these volumes and other sources, I became acquainted with the best and noblest individuals of their race. And I find that from Powhatan, Phillip, Logan, Piominco, Tecumseh, Chief Joseph, Sitting Bull, Sequoyah, Red Cloud, Geronimo, Quannah Parker, and

Lone Wolfe, Tishominco, LeFlore, Asseola, Ridge, Ross, Overton, McIntosh, Rogers, John Brown, General Plesant Porter, Buffington, Green McCurtain, to Douglas H. Johnston—all giants of their race and of their respective tribes—but there stands head and shoulders above them all, like a giant oak in a wilderness of its kind, that superb form and grand character, General Pushmataha, the only Indian given military burial, befitting a conquering hero, with the Rank of General, by order of the War Department, and Supreme Commander of this Mighty Republic. And by his side (to whom is due the gratitude and profoundest reverence given mortals from the English-speaking nations of both sides, the Atlantic) stands there that forest Queen, noble in her simplicity of manner; for her chaste and spotless life, her guileless Christian faith, her self-sacrifice out of loyalty and love—Pocahontas, the savior of Jamestown Colony, the first English settlement in, and making possible this Republic.

Moreover it is of greatest importance to teach the Indian boy and girl of today that whatever may have been the white man's conduct, his future may best be assured by emulating the

careers of Pocahontas and Pushmataha, who were always and under all circumstances friends of and co-workers with the white race. Such doctrines cannot reach their highest concepts of morality and honor by attempts to teach them to ignore their ancestors or to forget their race and racial virtues. *Pride in ancestors is the basis of ambition and pride in future noble deeds and achievements.*

The truth must be told both as to the vices of their own race and the conduct of the white man, that descriminating judgment to follow the virtuous, wise, and noble of both races, may find an abiding place in the Indian child's mentality.

This is the cue for sure progress in all the Indian schools of the land. A literary production for such use as a text-book was the ambition of the writer. If, in these Essays, he shall have failed, he sincerely hopes that his failure may inspire others to an effort to pen such a school-text-book, which shall prove alike edifying to the youths of both races, leading to greater harmony, because of a better understanding between them. Indeed any white child's moral conception may be improved by a study of Pushmataha's "Forest Forum" speech, replying to Tecumseh, found in the Appendix of this volume; and his life was a personal example

of the precepts of his oration. These are the motives that prompted the author—no financial gain was or is expected from their publication. Should they fail of this purpose though bringing him pecuniary reward, he would feel a sore disappointment.

WM. H. MURRAY,

March 1, 1924.

Tishomingo, Oklahoma and
Yacuiba, Bolivia, S. A.

INTRODUCTION

I know of no person better fitted, by temperament or by acquisition of knowledge on the subject, to write upon Indian characters and Indian themes than is Mr. Murray, who has spent the greater portion of his majority life among the Indians of the Five Civilized Tribes.

As President of the Constitutional Convention of the State of Oklahoma, he was instrumental in seeing that the Indian was recognized by the Constitution on a par with his White brother.

As a representative in the Halls of Congress he had opportunity still further to study the Indian problem from the viewpoint of a National law-maker. Taking advantage of that opportunity he devoted himself assiduously to a study of the history and development of the Indian tribes throughout the Nation.

I recall a conversation with him in Washington a few years ago in which he advised me of the efforts that he was putting forth to gather material that he could some day use in giving correct information with regard to the North

American Indian and particularly the outstanding figures in Indian history.

Due to his admiration of the Red Man for his indomitable courage and simple morality, and to his admiration of the White Man for his genius in Democratic government; due to his own nature as a student and to his keen sense of justice, coupled with his opportunities for learning at first hand, Mr. Murray has been placed in a most enviable position as a writer on Indian subjects.

In publishing these little biographical sketches of Pocahontas and Pushmataha, Mr. Murray has rendered a real service to History.

With his unswerving faith in Truth as the liberator of men's minds, the author has, with characteristic painstaking, gathered together historical fragmentary references to these two outstanding characters of the Indian race, in order that the complete picture in its simple truth may free the prejudiced mind, and stimulate the sympathetic to emulation.

In short, the work issues an appeal to the White Man and to the Red Man alike to lay down the hatchets of distrust, born of ignorance of their respective natures, and to unite their ef-

forts for the upbuilding of a Nation that shall endure because it is founded on Justice.

Every loyal American will wish to read these simple stories, so vitally a part of the early beginnings of his government. They are pioneers in *Indian Hero Classics* and as such should take their place in every public school of our land along with the supplementary readings of other Nation's Hero Classics.

I consider it fortunate for the people of Oklahoma particularly, and I might well say the Nation at large, that Mr. Murray has given of his talents and has found the time to make this contribution, both literary and historical.

Milas Lasater,

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma,
March 15, 1924

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PO-CA-HON-TAS

POCAHONTAS

"The annals of profane history, civilized and savage, may be challenged to produce a parallel to the story of Pocahontas. It has all the stirring elements of romance genially blended with the grave simplicity of truth and nature. Like an unexpected oasis in the midst of the interminable desert—like a solitary star of the first magnitude, beaming suddenly out from a cloudy sky—the person and history of the daughter of Powhatan stands out in bold and surprising beauty on the severe page of aboriginal life. Her story, as an eloquent writer has said, is that exquisite episode in the history of the New World, which, appealing equally to the affections and the imagination, has never lost the charm of its original loveliness and freshness, even though a thousand iterations have made it the most familiar of all our forest stories. It is one of those tales, which, combining several elements of the tender and the tragic—like that of the Grecian daughter—like that of the Roman Virginius—more certainly true than either of these legends, and not less touching and beautiful,—the mind treasuresup, naturally and without an effort, as a chronicle

equally dear to its virgin fancies and its sweetest sensibilities."

The foregoing is the judgment of her, penned by Thomas L. McKinney, for many years in the Indian Army service and later head of the Indian Bureau of the War Department during the early part of the last Century, in his "Indian Tribes," in three volumes, rare and long since out of print.

We are first introduced to Pocahontas in her heroic act of saving the life of John Smith and perserving the First English Colony on this hemisphere from total annihilation, from the scanty records of Virginia Colony at Jamestown; modern history, however, is so meager as to leave a doubt in the student's mind as to her family connections or posterity. Nevertheless, we have sufficient authentic record of all these as to leave no doubt; in fact, from them we have mental certainty of her, and of her numerous posterity down to date.

We have not a full length deliniation of her life during the early days of Jamestown. Not a full drama, but we know she made long pilgrimages through the somber forest at great personal risk to warn the colonists of danger or to give them aid; that when a child of ten to twelve years she amused herself among the settlers and for this last act two centuries later a

minister of the New York City pulpit attacked her sense of propriety for turning "somersaults for the amusement of the men at Jamestown" during these tender years; overlooking the same character of amusement, including leap-frog, indulged in by little white girls of equal age during very recent years. Moreover, we do not have a series of bold and striking *vivants* in which she is revealed in life's completeness. But she was always the principal ambassadress between the wily Powhatan, her father, and the English. During seasons of scarcity, when the Colony stood in danger of famine, often through their own indolence, her angel visits were frequent, and that of her own volition, supplying them with corn and meat. All this is vouched for by Captain John Smith both in the "Annals of Virginia" and in a letter later to the English Queen, that during the two or three first years, the child Pocahontas, "next to God, was the instrument of preserving the Colony from death, famine, and utter confusion."

A few years later, at the age of young womanhood, when the instincts of chastity and refinement, counsel modesty and seclusion, we find her visits less frequent until they cease altogether. That there were other cogent reasons, may be logically surmised from the known records that there were ruffians—the fore-run-

ners of Southern "white-trash,"—among the stag Colony of Jamestown. In the meantime because of her ministrations to the strangers, she has lost the paternal patronage of her father.

Here, we prefer to copy the recital of the most pathetic, as well as the most romantic, with apparent intervention of Divine Providence, of all these remarkable events in which she was more the central character than was the First English Colony—this from one of her most faithful chroniclers:

"Sick, weary, and almost disheartened, Smith has returned to England. Dale is Governor of Virginia. The relation between the colony and Powhatan is that of open hospitality. Fire and sword have ravaged the native villages The Indians, become fierce, revengeful, implacable, have resolved to withhold entirely their wonted supplies, and starve out the remorseless intruders. Pocahontas, having, by her unchanging sympathy for the white men, and her constant interference in their behalf, lost the confidence, and estranged the affections of her father, has left her home, and is living in comparative retirement with her cousin, the chief of Potomac. Just emerging from youth to womanhood, she can no longer, as when a child, mingle personally in the strife or sports of men, or expose herself,

unprotected, to their rude and admiring gaze. Her mission as messenger and active intercessor is at an end. The breach between the contending parties requires more than temporary and fitful acts of mediation to heal it. No arm, not even that of 'his dearest jewel and daughter,' can arrest the summary vengence which the savage Powhatan has resolved to visit upon the head of any white man found in his domains. He has decreed the utter extermination of the intruding race—a decree which Providence defeats, by the interposition of Pocahontas, in a new character and without her own consent."

"Her retreat at Potomac becoming known to Governor Dale, Captain Argal is dispatched, with a vessel, to seize her, and bring her to Jamestown. By the present of a copper kettle, her trusty guardians, the king and queen of Potomac, betray her into the hands of her captors. Pretending a deep curiosity to see the great canoe, the queen prevails on Pocahontas to accompany her on board the English ship. When there, she is coolly informed that she is a prisoner, and must go as such to Jamestown. What a return for all her acts of kindness, her heroic self-sacrifices in behalf of the strangers—her frequent exposure of her life in their behalf, and the voluntary forfeiture of all that was dear in the confidence and affection of a doting

father, or the cherished associations of home. If Pocahontas could not, with confidence, and a sense of personal security, go on board an English ship, or traverse the streets of the English colony, as if it were her own domain, what reliance could be placed in human gratitude, or human honor? Her tears and her entreaties are equally vain. The ship is immediately gotten under way. The king and queen of Potomac are set on board their canoe, and paddle off, yelling piteously. * * * * * The purpose of Governor Dale, in taking possession of the young princess, was, by her means, to secure a more favorable relation between the colony and the natives. He immediately sent to Powhatan, by an Indian messenger, to inform him that Pocahontas was his captive, and that her treatment there would depend upon the future conduct of her father. If he continued to seek the destruction of the colonists, her life might be the forfeit. But, if he would make a treaty of amity, and faithfully keep it, at the end of a year she should be set at liberty. The heart of the monarch fainted when he received these tidings. He had laid out and matured, together with the chiefs of the neighboring tribes, most of whom acknowledged his supremacy, a plan of operations which was to overwhelm, and annihilate the colony. Upon the accomplishment of this plan, all his thoughts

were centered. It was this only which reconciled him to the temporary estrangement and absence of his 'darling daughter and dearest jewel.' Her presence, her gentle soothing influence, her profound reverence and tender regard for the White man, and her never-failing interposition, by council, or by stratagem, to rescue them from his power, interfered, on all sides, with his determined plan, and paralyzed his darling purpose. He was, therefore, willing to part with her, for a season, and rejoiced that, in her secluded retreat, she would be sheltered from the storm of war which was gathering over her home, and ignorant of all its horrors, till they were consummated in the destruction of his enemies. To that issue his plans were fast ripening. He burned with intense eagerness for their execution. The day of doom was at hand. The instruments of vengeance was prepared. The arm of the executioner was about to fall, when lo! interposed between him and his victim, 'the jewel of his crown, the angel of his heart, the dearest daughter of his house'—not as when, six years before, in the simple eagerness and passionate resolve of childhood, she flung herself upon the body of a solitary captive in her father's tent, and warded off the deadly blow—but, passively, herself a prisioner—involuntarily, like a shield forced to stand be-

tween the assailant and the assailed, she is there, in the budding beauty of early womanhood, in her modest, timid, retiring gentleness, a foil to the vengeance of her father and her race, and the guardian angel of doomed colony."

"Paralyzed with disappointment and rage, Powhatan received in sullen silence the tidings of his daughter's captivity. For many weeks, he sent no full reply to the message of the Governor, informing him that he held her as a hostage, and demanding concessions, as the price of her ultimate enlargement. So dear was she to his heart, to his people, and to all the tribes of his wide domain, that they could not find a vote in the council to proceed with the work of ruin, in which she was to be involved. At the same time, the proud and fretted monarch could not submit to the terms demanded for her ransom. He sent back seven English prisioners, whom he had doomed to sacrifice, each with a musket, which had been stolen by the Indians. He promised them, upon the release of his daughter, to make full satisfaction for all past injuries; to enter into a treaty of peace with them, and to give them five hundred bushels of corn. This was not enough. The Governor demanded a surrender of all the swords and fire-arms, which had been obtained by the Indians either by purchase or theft. They were becom-

ing expert in the use of them, and, in proportion as they did so, were losing their sense of the white man's superiority. This demand was too much for the ambition of the king. He indignantly refused to answer it, and broke off the negotiation."

"Determined still to carry his point, Governor Dale, at the head of one hundred and fifty armed men, went up the bay to Werowocomo, with Pocahontas in his train, and proposed to the king to restore her to his arms on the same terms as before. This proposal he answered with scorn and fight. He refused to see the Governor, or his daughter. At his command, the Indians attacked the intruders, but were driven back with loss, and some of their houses were fired. Two of the brothers of the fair captive went on board the English ship, and had an affecting interview with their sister, whom they tenderly loved. But nothing was accomplished. The only issue of the adventure was an increase of hatred and hostility on the part of the savage monarch, and a firmer resolve to hold no intercourse or traffic with the enemy."

"Returning to Jamestown, still a prisoner and a hostage, the daughter of Powhatan, was treated with all the consideration and kindness due to her rank and character, and to the services she had rendered the colony. She was

taught to read, and carefully instructed in the truths of religion. Apt to learn, and tenderly susceptible to every good impression, she received, with eagerness and avidity, the glad tidings of the gospel. They met at once, and fully supplied, the longings of a heart that yearned for something purer and higher than the cold and dreamy superstitions of her native mythology. They gave full scope to the aspirations of a soul panting for an immortality till then unrevealed. With wonder and awe she contemplated the character of the one only living and true God—to her, till then, the unknown God. With inexpressible gratitude, and rapturous delight, she listened to the story of a Saviour's death, and the way of salvation thus opened to the transgressor. With simple faith, and unhesitating confidence, she received the crucified One as her Redeemer and portion, rejoicing in the hope of forgiveness through his blood. A new world was opened to her view. A new life was revealed to her ravished thought. A whole immortality, bright, ineffably bright, with visions of glory and blessedness which eye had not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived, burst upon her willing faith, like the splendors of noonday upon one born blind, yet always yearning for light. Pocahontas became a new creature, as truly so in a spiritual, and

religious sense, as in the outward and entire transformation from an uncultivated child of the forest, to a refined, intelligent woman—the trophy and the ornament of Christian civilization."

The extreme loveliness of her person, the amiableness of her heart, the almost faultless purity of her life, together with the noble traits of her history, had won the admiration of her teachers. Baptized with the name of "Rebecca," and received into the Christian church, she was an object of just pride, as well as the tenderest regard, to all the colony—the first fruits of the western wilderness—"a precious exotic, transplanted from the wilds of America to the garden of the Lord."

Among the adventures of that colony were some gentlemen of good family, of polished education, and Christian character. Of these, John Rolfe, a nephew of the King of Norway, was one of the most distinguished for excellency of education, character, and firmness of principles. This young knight was brough into close affinity with the forest queen as her teacher and preceptor.

Genuine mutual affections sprang up between them of reciprocal love, which was approved by Governor Dale. Likewise Powhatan readily consented to her marriage with the

White man and upon that bond formed treaty of perpetual amity, sending to Governor Dale a "chain of pearls" as a pledge of his fidelity. But not willing to venture himself, he sent his brother, Opachisco, and two of his own sons to witness the ceremonies of union and to sanction them on his behalf. Opachisco "gave the bride away" and her brother confirmed the compact. "In this auspicious event, the whole mission of Pocahontas was fulfilled" says one of her chroniclers, and it would seem so with the sanction of an over-ruling providence.

The affections of the old chief Powhatan, loosing the fruits of his first born, were garnered up in a younger daughter whom the English Governor had vainly endeavored to obtain as a second link of the chain of friendship in the gift of the "chain of pearls." "The proposal," says the chronicles, "was as impolitic as it was unkind. It touched the only chord in his iron heart that vibrated to the tune of tenderness." That chord was all but snapped in tearing Pocahontas from him by violent hands. This second attempt to take the last "dearest jewel" filled his heart with pathetic bitterness and proud indignation. He demanded of the messenger the "chain of pearls" as the authentic credentials of his mission. Then the chronicles have him thus answering:

"But," said he, "urge me no further. Seek not to bereave me of my darling child or to exact any new pledge of fidelity from me or my people. We have had enough of war. Too many have fallen already in our conflicts. With my consent there shall not be another. I have the power here, and have given the law to my people. I am old. I would end my days in peace and quietness. My country is large enough for both, and though you give me cause of quarrel, I will rather go from you, than fight with you. This is my answer." And this was his only answer—how full of force, of pathos, of dignity, of honor to the barbarian prince, of merited reproach to the grasping Christian Governor!

The marrige of John Rolfe and Pocahontas was blessed with a son who was christianed Thomas, born in 1615.

Later it dawned upon the West Indian Company that it would prove a great feat—"advertisement" we Americans would call it—to take the "American Queen" and her royal consort to England. All being arranged, the company fitted out a special ship for the purpose and in early spring of 1616, some three years after their marriage, with their young son, set sail. Her fame had preceded her and in England Pocahontas became an object of general regard

and attention—the fame of her heroism, her personal charm and beauty, her noble character, and unaustentatious piety, had preceded her and was known to all, both court and subjects, and she was treated with affectionate regard by both the nobility and church dignitaries and with adoration by the general public as the "protector and savior of Jamestown Colony." Her title as "daughter of a King" gave her easy and free access to palace and court where she was received by Her Majesty, Queen Anne and her Royal Consort, the pedantic James.

Captain John Smith was then in England and addressed Her Majesty, Queen Anne, a letter which is here reproduced, at the risk of breaking continuity, as confirming in part the foregoing and showing the conditions of the infant colony, as well as showing the style of English, and spelling till Noah Webster eliminated a lot of e's.

"To the most high and virtuous Princess, Queen Anne of Great Britain.

"Most Admired Queen:

"The love I beare my God, my king, and my countrie, hath so oft emboldened mee in the worst of extreme dangers, that now honestie doth constraine mee presume thus farre beyond myselfe, to present your majestie this short discourse; if ingratitude, bee a deadly poyson

to all honest vertues, I must be guiltie of that crime if I should omit any means to be thankful.

"So it is, that some ten yeares agoe, being in Virginia, and taken prisioner by the power of Powhatan, their chief king, I received from this great salvage exceeding great courtesies, especially from his son, Nautaquaas, the manliest, comeliest, boldest spirit I ever saw in a salvage, and his siter, Pocahontas, the king's most deare and well-beloved daughter, being but a child of twelve or thirteen years of age, whose compassionate, pitifull heart, of desperate estate, gave me much cause to respect her; I being the first Christian this proud king and his grim attendants ever saw, and thus inthralled in their barbarous power, I cannot say I felt the least occasion of want that was in the power of those, my mortal foes to prevent, notwithstanding all their threats. After some six weeks fatting amongst those savage courtiers, at the minute of my execution, she hazarded the beating out of her own brains to save mine; and not onely that, but so prevailed with her father, that I was safely conducted to Jamestowne, where I found about eight and thirtie miserable, poor, and sick creatures, to keepe the possession of all those large territories of Virginia; such was the weakness of this poore commonwealth, as had the savages not fed us, we directly had starved.

"And this relyfe, most gracious Queen, as commonly brought us by this lady, Pocahontas; notwithstanding all these passages when inconstant fortune turned our peace to ware, this tender virgin would still not spare to dare to visit us, and by her own fairies, have been oft appeased, and our wants still supplyed; were it the policie of her father thus to employ, or the ordinance of God thus to make her his instrument, or her extraordinarie affection to our nation, I know not; but of this I am sure—when her father, having but eighteen with me, the darke night could not affright her from comming through the irkesome woods, and with watered eyes, gave me intelligense, with her best advice, to escape his furie; which, had he knowne, he had surely slaine her. Jamestowne, with her wilde traine, she freely frequented as her father's habitation; and, during the time of two or three yeares, she, next under God, was still the instrument to preserve this colonie from death, famine, and utter confusion; which, if in those times, had once become dissolved, Virginia might have laine as it was at our first arrivale to this day. Since then, this business having been turned and varied by many accidents from that I left it at; it is most certaine, after a long and most troublesome warre after my departure, betwixt her father and our colonie, all which time

she was not heard of, about two years after she herself was taken prisoner, being so detained neare two yeares longer, the colonie by that meanes was relieved, peace concluded, and at last, rejecting her barbarous condition, was married to an English gentleman with whom at this present she is in England; the first Christian ever of that nation, the first Virginian ever spake English, or had a child in marriage by an Englishman; a matter, surely, if my meaning be truly considered and well understood, worthy a Prince's understanding.

"Thus, most gracious ladie, I have related to your majestie, what at your best leasure our approved histories will account to you at large, and done in the time of youre magestie's life, and however this might bee presented you from a more worthie pen, it cannot from a more honest heart. As yet I never begged any thing of the state, or of any, and it is my want of abilitie, and her exceeding desert, your birth, meanes, and authoritie, her birth vertue, want, and simplicitie, doth make mee thus bold, humbly to beseeche your majestie to take this knowledge of her, though it bee from one so unworthie to bee the reporter as myself, her husband's estate not being able to make fit to attend you magestie; the most and least I can doe, is to tell you this,

because none so oft hath tried it as myselfe. And so I humbly kisse your gracious handes."

Whether Pocahontas was indebted to this warm-hearted and eloquent appeal, for the attentions lavished upon her at court, and in all the high places of the land, we are not informed. She was received with signal favor by the Queen and James, her royal husband. "For her sake, and in consideration of her rare virtues, and her signal services to the suffering subjects of the crown, her husband, though a commoner of moderate pretensions, was forgiven the almost treasonable presumption of aspiring to the hand of a royal princess—a trespass upon the "divine right," which few would be more ready to notice and resent, than the sapient son of Mary Stuart," so recites her chronicler.

Pocahontas ("Lady Rebecca") could not fathom the cold and formal etiquette of cast at Court which robbed those who entered it of the warm ties of affection and friendship. Its heartlessness was so unlike the royalty of her paternal realm, she would not be bound by them, although conforming admirably with ease to its grace of manner. Of her position in this permit her chroniclers to relate:

"To the unsophisticated mind of the 'Lady Rebecca," these princely favors and courtly attentions made no amends for the seeming neglect

and coldness of Captain Smith, whom she regarded with all the reverence and affection of an only child. His singular prowess, his wonderful exploits, his almost supernatural courage and power, had filled her young imagination, and inspired her with sentiment of admiration, awe, and love, due to a superior race of beings. With a love as free from passion as it was from selfishness, she had many times jeoparded her life for his. From his lips she had first heard the name of God, and the voice of prayer; and him, above all other men, she regarded as the beau ideal of greatness and goodness, whose presence and smiles were of more worth to her than all the favors of the court, or the flatteries of the titled thousands that surrounded it. She longed to see him and embrace him as a father." But, so jealous was the English monarch of the prerogatives of rank, and the etiquette of caste, that the hardy old soldier dared not salute the "Lady Rebecca," the daughter of King Powhatan, except in that stately, reserved, and deferential manner, which was prescribed in the court rubrics. He bowed and touched her hand with cold and distant respect. He gave no expression by look or word, to the fond and grateful affection with which he regarded her. She felt it deeply. It went like steel, with an icy coldness, to her heart. Without uttering a word, she

turned her face, and wept. For several hours, she refused to speak, she seemed overwhelmed with disappointment, chagrin, and a sense of unutterable desertion. At length, recovering from her dejection, she sought "the great captain," and gently reproached him for his cold reception of his adopted child, who had long yearned to see and embrace him. "You did promise Powhatan," she said, "that what was yours should be his, and he made a like promise to you. You, being in his land a stranger, called him father, and by the same right, I will call you so."

When it was objected that she was a king's daughter, and it would displease his king if he should fail to treat her with the high respect due to her rank, she replied: "Were you not afraid to come into my father's country, and cause fear in him and all his people but myself, and do you fear that I shall call you father here? I tell you that I will call you father, and you shall call me child, and so it shall be for ever."

The ice thus broken never closed up again. She had frequent interviews with Smith, and never had cause to complain that he was less to her than a father; while he had infinite satisfaction in witnessing her daily improvement, and the unaffected ease, and grace, and dignity, with which she bore her part in the new sphere to which she had been so suddenly introduced. She

met and surpassed every expectation. And they, who, before her arrival, had heard the fame of her beauty, her wit, her loveliness, and her virtue, were free to confess that "the half had not been told them."

After nearly one year thus feted, Rolfe with his royal bride prepared to return to America, but "God disposes." As she was preparing to embark, overtaxed, perhaps, by fawning court etiquette, she became suddenly ill and died at Gravesend, England, where she was buried and where her ashes still sleep. That they should have been returned to her native land, with appropriate obsequies, is not less the obligation of all Americans than that of the immortal John Paul Jones, whose remains, after twenty years search were found in a back street of Paris, now sleep in the Crypt of the Naval Academy of the United States. The one defended our commerce on the sea, the other succored and preserved from annihilation, our fore-fathers on this continent.

Thus her personal destiny was fulfilled. Thereafter we must review her posterity, and learn how they, under providence, have sustained the nobility and sympathy for human kind of the refined and gracious "Lady Rebecca."

The young son, Thomas, was left with his

uncle, David Rolfe, in England while the bereaved father returned to Virginia. Reared to manhood with the advantages of an education, he, too, returned, bringing a grant for land in his native Virginia from the English Crown. He was married with a Virginia girl by name, Jane Poythress, who bore him one child, a daughter, also named Jane. She married (1675) Colonel Robert Bolling, born 1646, died 1709. To this union one child was born (1676), a son, named John Bolling of "Cobbs," died 1729. He was elected to the lower house of Virginia Legislature, called the House of Burgesses; while in the Legislature he met and married Mary Kennon, daughter of Dr. Kennon of "Conurer's Neck," also a member of the House. To this union was born five daughters and one son. From this time on her family in Virginia is known as the "Bolling family." One of these girls married the ancestor of the celebrated John Randolph. One married a Clerk. Another (Anne), married James Murray of the Clan of Duke of Athol and Wm. Murray, Lord Mansfield, England's great jurist. This James Murray, was known as the "Old Duke," who had four sons—William who migrated to Kentucky; John, who went into Mississippi, and Thomas and James Murray who migrated to Tennessee, about 1789; and another married an ancester of Gen.

Benj. W. S. Cabell, of the United States Army, and father of the late Gen. William L. Cabell ("Old Tige"), of Dallas, Texas, a noted Confederate Commander, who was the brother of Maj. Algernon S. Cabell, the father of Henry S. Cabell, of McAlester, Oklahoma, and Mrs. Pocahontas Cornish, wife of the Hon. Melven Cornish, the celebrated lawyer of the same city.

Windham Robeson in his "Geneology of Pocahontas" is the Authority for the foregoing and it also gives her complete geneology down to the seventh generation where they grew very numerous, there being large families after the fourth generation, and beginning with that of John Bolling. Robeson gives the names of all of them, when born, whom each married, what they did, when they died. One of the family married Thomas Jefferson's sister. One of a collateral strain married his daughter. Woodrow Wilson's last wife was a Bolling, also of the "Pocahontas Tree." Some years ago the writer, with the assistance of the noted geneologist, Leonard Wilson, spent much time in further tracing a number of these descendent families from the "Seventh Generation" to the present time; and found them in all the states of the South and West,—many in Tennessee, Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas and Oklahoma. From Robeson's Geneology it may be shown that to

the "Seventh Generation" thirty were elected to the House and twenty to the Senate of Virginia; four had served in Congress, two as Commanders in the United States Army and one in the Navy; two had been celebrated bishops, et cetera. Subsequent generations since the "seventh" have kept up the record admirably in all these fields of learning and usefulness;—a remarkable family tree!

In each to the fourth generations there was but one child, doubtless due to a natural law of inheritance in the cross of races. After the fourth there were uniformly very large families, and many lived to the age of around eighty years.

No mental defectives are found among them and the only physical defect occurring is an occasional deaf-mute due to the marriage of relatives.

In religion, approximately one-third were Roman Catholics, while the others were divided among sundry Protestant Churches, but no intolerance or bigotry ever arose among them. Perfect toleration of every one's religion is a dominate trait of Indian character. Quite a contrast to his Anglo-Saxon brother who writes in his laws and political institutions the Charter of perfect toleration, but there is the only place you will find it. In his personal, political, and

social relations the Anglo-Saxon is quite otherwise, with now and then a veritable furor of bigotry and intolerance, bordering on frenzy. This recalls the objection of Chief Joseph an Origan Indian Chief to schools in his tribe. He said he found that if they had schools they would teach his people to have churches and churches taught his people "to quarrel about God" and that his people did not want to learn that. That about all churches and schools among them had done was to "make a quarrel between the Catholics and Protestants about God" and he thought that was wrong, and was he not right? The Indian is perfectly satisfied with his own religion and with that of his neighbor, if his neighbor is. He cannot believe any man who quarrels with another over the other's religion is entirely satisfied with his own religion, and it would seem that the logic of his position sustains his deductions; for why should folks quarrel about a theme too deep for the finite mind of any human to know all about or even much about?

Windham Robeson closes his tables of "Geneology of Pocahontas" with this statement: "Of all I ever knew of her numerous family, of all I ever heard or read of them, this may be truthfully said of them: Some were indolent and shiftless, while many rose to the highest virtue

and genius, but there was never a criminal among them and there was never one imprisoned." What a remarkable record! What a glorious Family Tree! Who is it that would not be proud of such a noble ancestry? And being a branch of that noble Family Tree, who is it that would not endeavor to sustain such high and noble record by like exemplary character and conduct?

While in England Pocahontas' photograph was painted with her dressed in the style and costume of the Court of Queen Anne and James, the only picture ever made of her; and there are numerous certificates and affidavits to the genuineness of the original, from which the one here presented was taken, on file in the Virginia Historical Records. We may, therefore, with confidence assume that it accurately portrays her as she appeared in real life, since it also confirms the verbal and traditional description of her.

I cannot command language to describe this Queen of her race so befittingly as the following which sums up her beautiful character, from the pen of Thos. L. McKinney:

"The character of Pocahontas exhibts a wonderful symmetry and fulness of proportions, in which, from childhood to the mature woman, there is neither lack nor excess in a single trait. At twelve, she had the heroism, the endurance,

the constance of a woman—at twenty-two, the modesty, the gentleness, the artless simplicity, the impulsive ingenuous earnestness, and the transparent truthfulness of a child."

PUSH-MA-TA-HA

GENERAL PUSHMATAHA

"General Pushmatata," as he was called, but whose real name was A-push-ma-ta-ha-hu-bi, the first "A" being scarcely sounded, his white friends in writing his name omitted the "A." while he himself dropped the ending "hubi" when a young man, while Gen. Andrew Jackson called him "Push," was the greatest Indian that ever lived, and he was a full-blood, while Sequoyah, the Cherokee Genius, was half white, his father being George Guist, a German. Gen. Pushmataha was at once and at the same time a great general, brave and intrepid; a renowned orator, wise in council, a sane law giver, a safe and sagacious leader, loyal in friendship and to his word with a remarkable intuitive conception of honor and morals, possessing a notable rugged honesty. It was, therefore, befitting that the largest county in Oklahoma, with its rugged mountains, should bear his name. While in the constitutional convention, the writer was pleased thus to do honor to the man who bought of the United States all the territory in Oklahoma south of the Canadian River, and he for many

years has procrastinated in penning this tribute which for the most part the writer believes he knows better than any other and that it should be written also as a contribution to the State's history.

General Pushmataha participated in the battle of New Orleans and the engagement at "Horse-Shoe Bend" with Sam Houston, under General Jackson. It was from him that Jackson learned to use the expression O. K. from "Push's" frequent use of the Choctaw-Chickasaw expression to end all statements *si Hoka*, meaning "that's me" or "that's what I said." Hence General Jackson gave the two letters (O. K.) that most nearly represented the sound of the Indian word "HoKa," in approving orders, and now in general use. He was born about 1764 but little is known of his birth or of him before his 20th year, at which date he was a captain, or war chief, and was a great hunter. It is certain that he at that age, made long journies on hunting expeditions, sometimes crossing the Mississippi and going as far west as Texas and Oklahoma, on buffalo hunts. On one of these forays he was surprised by a wild tribe called the Callageheahs on Red River near or within the Spanish territory, who killed all the

men in his command, he alone surviving and making his escape to a Spanish settlement where he arrived nearly starved; having while on the way given a pony found on the plains for one fish. He lived with the Spanish five years, employing himself hunting when not brooding over plans of revenge. Wandering alone back to his home, east of the Mississippi, he came upon a little village of the Indians who had defeated him, and under cover of night by stealth rushed upon them, killing seven and setting fire to their lodges, which were entirely consumed, and made his escape, before the survivors recovered from their alarm. After remaining with the Choctaws six years, establishing his leadership among them, he commanded in quick succession, three or four expiditions to the enemy country on Red River of seven to eight months duration, and nearly exterminated the tribe of Callageheahs with little loss. This established his complete leadership among the Choctaws. From this time on he was known as a "Choctaw Warrior." However, there is much to sustain the statement that he was a Chickasaw by blood. That he was with the Choctaws, was, in the writer's opinion, due to the fact that the Chickasaws at that time were engaged in war with the French

and declined to take up his campaigns of revenge, while the Choctaws were neutral. The Chickasaws never broke their alliance with the English. (Gen. Dale says: "The Chickasaws, single handed, defied and defeated the science and power of the French of Louisiana, directed by officers trained in Europe," (page 175). And he might have added they did this in three distinct campaigns with a force three to one of theirs. They out-Napoleoned Napoleon's trained officers. J. H. Malone, in his "Chickasaw Nation," produces the proof that the French

(Foot Note 1.) Pushmataha led a war party of 800 of his warriors against the Muskogees (Creeks) in our Creek war of 1811-13 and 500 in the "Campaign of Orleans," war in 1812 with Great Britain. Joe Kemp, a mixed Chickasaw-Choctaw-White blood, now an Ardmore policeman had for many years the Indian flag used in that battle and carried by an ancestor, who was a corporal, and which he turned over to the Oklahoma Historical Society.

Reference to Chickasaw and Choctow treaties (Vol 7 U. S. Statutes-at-Large) will disclose sections agreeing to pension the men of those tribes for services in the armies of the United States, one even promising to "pay those who followed General Wayne,"—the best evidence. It may also be safely stated that several companies of one or the other of these two tribes and often both performed services hereafter recited. Several companies joined Washington's Armies and served to the end of the revolution.

Some of them were at the battle of Cowpens, under General Morgan; others, at the battle of Stony Point, under

would have settled and controlled all our country between the Alleganies and Rockies but for the Chickasaws alone, who never would permit the French to link their settlement at New Orleans with that on the lakes of the North.)

Nor is the fact that Pushmataha lived after the age of twenty-five always with the Choctaws *prima facie* evidence that he was of their blood. Sergeant Otis W. Leader, who was decorated for distinguished service in the World War, and whose portrait was painted and hung in the French Capital by order of the French Republic as the most worthy aboriginal American, was a Chickasaw who, together with Private Joseph

General Wayne, and others, at the battle of Tilico Plains, under General Sullivan, sent by General Green to punish the Tories and northern Cherokees (the only Cherokees hostile to the Americans) for the destruction of Fort Loudon, situated on the Tennessee river in the territories then of North Carolina, whom he overtook at Tilico Plains, engaged and routed, with great loss on the part of the Tories and Cherokees, also securing the women and children whom they had taken prisioners in the fall of Fort Loudon, and devastating the country of the hostile Cherokees as he went, in driving them, (Tories and Cherokees) through Deep Creek Gap, in Cumberland mountains, into the now State of Kentucky; and there ending the pursuit, Sullivan returned and joined his command near Yorktown. It is said, those Cherokees never did return to their former homes, but became incorporated with other Indians in Kentucky; others, were under Washington at the capture of Yorktown, and witnessed the surrender of Cornwallis.

Oklahombi, a full blood Choctaw, performed the most daring strategy and exploits of heroism of all the thousands of Indians, if not of all those who did overseas service, White or Indian. For a recital of their military records see Foot-note Two.

(Foot Note 2.) Otis W. Leader, a resident of Oklahoma, going to Fort Worth to buy cattle; there April 5, 1917, when state of war was declared and some one gave out that he was a German Spy. Stung by the imputation, he applied to McAlester, Oklahoma, recruiting station on April 17, given two weeks to settle his business; reported to Oklahoma City, May 1, transferred to Ft. Logan Colorado, then to El Paso, Texas, Company H in famous 16th Infantry of regular army; set sail over seas June 1, 1917. Arrived at St. Nazaire, France, June 25, and with the first arrivals of our troops, glided through the locks and amid the cheers of the French on morning of June 26, did this raw recruited three-quarters Chickasaw Indian, amid this regiment of hardened veterans. Then followed hard training at Gandrecourt soon to be followed, November 3, by the Bathlemont raid planned by the Germans, who hoped to over-awe the Americans spirit in the first blow. Here is the description given:

"About three o'clock in the morning of November 3, 1917, hell's warfare suddenly broke loose; No Man's Land and the Heavens were illuminated by a blinding flare, while ton upon ton of Krupp shells from Krupp artillery swept the American Sector, accompanied by the rattle of machine guns. The wily Hun had cut the wires, so that no call for relief could be sent to the American artillery. The heavy German shells ripped up the American trenches, while torpedoes tore away the wire barricade for the onrush of the Germans, and some two hundred and fifty of the raiders, long drilled and trained for this very moment, rushed upon the Americans, and at last Americans were at grips with the Germans, and with the result that the world was soon to know that the Germans had met their destiny in the unconquerable freemen of America. When

Read their records and ask yourself: How the devil, made of fire as he is, could even do it? To my mind, the only intelligent answer possible is either they were guided by the Hand of over-compelling Providence or else through reversion of inheritance of that master strategy and dar-

daylight came, it was seen that a sergeant and ten of his men had been taken by the Germans, that five were wounded, and that Corporal James B. Greshman, Private Thomas Enright, and Merle D. Hay, all of Company F, were lying in the muddy trenches, cold in death, the first Americans to make the supreme sacrifice for America and the world. The Chickasaw lad, Leader, was then in the strife with one of two machine gun crews supporting the left flank of Company F, upon which the attack was made; and while this was a minor action, in so far as the casualties were concerned, still it stirred all America, and, it may be added, Europe as well."

"At the second battle of the Marne, Leader was a corporal in charge of one of the two machine gun crews, and while advancing in the face of the enemy, his entire gun crew and gun were blown off the face of the earth, he alone surviving.

"Recovering from shell shock, Leader seized a rifle and advanced under the fire with the infantry, being lost three days from his company and while the infantry had the attention of the Germans, Leader crawled through an oatfield, down a small branch or ditch, and in this manner worked his way in behind the enemy and was within sixty feet of them before discovered; and having them covered with an automatic rifle, captured two machine guns and eighteen prisioners.

"This occurred on July 28th, 1918, the third day out, in the second battle of the Marne, at the Aisne-Marne sector."

"The strategy of the young Chickasaw had worked like a charm."

Commenting further upon his action, James H. Malone of the Memphis Bar in his "Chickasaw Nation" says:

"Who doubts that the courage, the genius for strategy,

ing, long suppressed by the White man, which, was the marrow, nerve, and sinew of their ancestors and well known to the White man when he landed upon this continent and began upon them a system of consummate murder and of oppression, or they did it through both causes.

and the inspiration which enabled this young Chickasaw to outwit and overcome the trained hardened Prussian Guards in the most colossal war in the annals of the world, was inherited by him from his ancient progenitors, who came near destroying De Soto and his army in 1541."

Leader fought and was wounded and gassed at Cantigny, May 23, 1918; fought at Soissons, Chateau-Thierry, July 18, 1918; fought in St. Mihiel Salient, September 12, 1918; fought in the Argonne Forest, October 1, 1918, where he was again wounded and gassed; was cited for distinguished service, and was awarded the distinguished service cross.

Malone again says: "It is also of interest to note that this young Chickasaw was selected by the French government as a model aboriginal American, and the French artist De Warreaux painted his portrait, which now graces the Art Museum in Paris, and that his portrait likewise hangs in the capital city of Oklahoma."

"Was it a strange fortune, or are we justified in believing that destiny and an overruling Providence so ordered it, that of all the Indians in France, a Chickasaw Indian whose ancestors were the inveterate foes of the French, and rescued from their dominion that vast domain of our country east of the Mississippi, should be selected as one out of ten thousand?

"Whatever may be the conclusion of the casuist or philosopher with respect to this matter, I do not think we should be surprised to learn that at the first call of their country, every Chickasaw promptly answered that call, as Piomingo and his Chickasaws promptly answered the call of George Washington, and as their more remote ancestors answered the call of Englishmen before the Revolutionary War; for fidelity was always one of the noble

Leader is enrolled by the Indian Bureau as a Choctaw but the writer and many in this section know him personally from childhood and knew his parents to be Chickasaws. Like error may be found in the enrollment of Turner and John McLish who are twins, but the Bureau has

traits of their character, and they were ever found side by side with English-speaking men, wherever they were called by the fortunes of war or peace."

Commissioner Sells, omitting his reference to some Western plains Indians and to Leader, says:

"Among those who won the croix de guerre was volunteer, Nicholas E. Brown, a full-blood Choctaw, who when killed was a corporal in the 142nd Infantry, composed largely of Oklahoma Indians, the honor being posthumously awarded; Marty Beaver, a full-blood Creek, on the military records as Bob Carr, an orphan boy who enlisted in Company F, 142d Infantry, Thirty-Sixth Division, details at present lacking.

"Alfred G. Bailey, a Cherokee of Oklahoma, had been in the regular service with General Pershing in Mexico. He was a sergeant when killed in action in France and was awarded the distinguished service cross for creeping into the enemy's lines along far in advance of his regiment, where, unaided, he killed two German machine gunners and captured a third with his gun.

"Probably no more brilliant instance is recorded than that furnished by Private Joseph Oklahombi, a full-blood Choctaw, of Company D, 141st Infantry, whose home is at Bismark, Oklahoma, and who received the croix de guerre under the order of Marshall Petain, commander-in-chief of the French armies of the East. A translation of the order follows:

" 'Under a violent barrage, dashed to the attack of an enemy position, covering about 210 yards through barbed-wire entanglements. He rushed on machine gun nests, capturing 171 prisioners. He stormed a strongly held position containing more than fifty guns, and a number of trench mortars. Turned the captured guns on the enemy,

Turner (now a deputy court clerk of Ardmore) a Chickasaw and John a Choctaw. It is aside our purpose to go into the records to prove that Pushmataha was a Chickasaw by blood, yet it may be recited that he never had a relative living among the Choctaws; that he fought many battles with United States troops; was a General in our army and fought in open field of battle from the very beginning, and Thomas Jefferson states in his "Notes on Virginia," I believe it is, that the Chickasaws always fought in open field of battle and that they were the only Indians in that early date that did so. Moreover he never would speak of his origin, doubtless, fearing it would arouse tribal jealously among his command. He always told them a remarkable story as though he never was born of woman but came into the world by some Divine Mystery to become the leader of the Choctaws. He never claimed to be a Choctaw

and held the position for four days, in spite of a constant barrage of large projectiles and of gas shells. Crossed No Man's land many times to get information concerning the enemy, and to assist his wounded comrades.' "

"Such deed of highest service to unborn generations are part of the glorious conclusion wrought by American arms and will out-live all memorial bronze and marble, for they will inspire the song and story of immortal tradition, and though Recorded History may fail, these things that have been written into the psychology of human freedom and justice will endure." (Com. Indian Affairs, Cato Sell's Report, 1919, pp 17-18.)

but has on occasions stated positively that his mother was not, however, declining to identify her. On one ocassion while a delegate to Washington City, some prominent White men sought to get him to talk of his ancestors. He endeavored to avoid it, till pressed for a reply, he drew himself up in military dignity and gave a reply equal to Napoleon's, "My ancestors began at Montonot."

The incident is thus told: The official asked Pushmataha, through an interpreter, how he became such a great Chief and Warrior, to which he coolly replied: "Tell the White Chief it's none of his business." With half apology he submitted the question again saying he was interested in knowing. Again he replied: "If the White Chief must know, I am Apushmataha, who has neither father nor mother nor kinsman upon this earth. Tell him that once upon a time, far away from here in the great forest of the Choctaw Nation, a dark cloud arose from the western horizon and with astonishing velocity, traveled up the arched expanse; across its dark face the bright lightning played in incessant flashes, while the rolling thunder reverberated in muffled tones from hill to hill, amid the vast solitudes of the surrounding forests. Swiftly and majestically it climbed the western sky, while the lightning flashed, followed by the

thunder's roar in successive peal after peal. In silence profound, all animate nature stood apart; soon the fearful cloud reached the zenith, then as quickly spread its dark mantle o'er the sky entire, shutting out the light of the sun, and wrapping earth in midnight gloom, lighted only in lucid intervals by the lightning's fitful glare, followed by peals of thunder in deafening roar. Then burst the cloud and rose the wind; and while falling rains and howling winds, lightning gleam and thunders roar, in wild confusion blended, a blinding flash blazed athwart the sky as if to view the scene, then hurled its strength against a mighty oak—an ancient monarch of the woods that for ages had defied the storm with his boasted power—and cleft it in equal twain from utmost top to lowest bottom; when, lo! from its riven trunk leaped a mighty man; in stature, perfect; in wisdom, profound; in bravery, unequalled; a full-fledged warrior. 'Twas Apushmatahahubi."

When the writer removed to the Indian county (the Five Civilized Tribes) nearly thirty years ago, he met many full-blood Chickasaws and Choctaws who had no doubt of that's being Apushmataha's origin; and all of them believed him infallible as he seemed to be invincible. His very name (A-push-ma-ta-ha-hu-bi) indeed in their tongue means, "His arm, and all weapons

in his hand, are fatal to his foes." In all history there is but one instance of faith in a Military Chieftain so strong as that held for him by those old Indians—that of the Legions of France for the "Little Corporal."

On another occasion in reply to a question of his followers, "Where is your father and mother?" He answered: "I have no father or mother,—I came from the heart of an oak." Those acquainted with Indian character know how strong their love of their tribal blood and dislike for a leader from a rival tribe and thus Push shielded himself from this prejudice and maintained the supremacy of his leadership, yet indirectly denying that by blood he was a Choctaw.

Between 1814 and '20 he spent three years exploring Oklahoma, going as far west as the heads of the Washita and Canadian Rivers, which latter rises in Colorado. He thereafter sought to purchase the country between the Canadian and Red Rivers. As a representative of the Choctaws, he met Commissioners—Generals Jackson and Hinds—on the part of the United States to effect a trade of a portion of their land in Mississippi for land west.

After much parley in which the United States Commission evinced much anxiety to make the trade of this supposed "western des-

sert'' to the Indians, by which General Pushmataha was enabled to secure all the terms he desired.

Jackson proposed the territory bounded thus: Beginning at a point on Red River three miles below the mouth of Little River, thence north to the Canadian River, thence up said river to its source, thence south to Red River, thence down that river to place of beginning. Whereupon, according to the report of Generals Jackson and Hinds, Pushmataha arose and spoke as follows: ''When a trade is to be made between two men, one may be a fool and the other as great as General Jackson, but the result, in honor and good morals, will be the same for the strong must protect the weak; but I perceive this trade is not to be made under such honorable rules.'' (Just imagine such a high conception of equity between civilized White men, that the ''strong man will protect the weak.'') Then Pushmataha continued, ''I say to General Jackson further lying to us is unnecessary in his attempt to sell us undisputed Mexican Territory.'' (Remember this treaty was dated October 18, 1820—U. S. Statutes-at-Large, Volume 7, fifteen years before Texas Revolution.)

Jackson responded that such statement was too harsh and if repeated he would quit the con-

ference, showing Pushmataha the map. The latter then stated he would "acquit General Jackson of any intentional wrong but that the paper (meaning the map) lies." "For," said he: "I spent three years in that country. I chased the Comanche Indian and he sometime chased me," and pointed out the boundary between the United States and Mexico. Jackson refused to agree to it, but in later treaty the United States had to modify the terms to read for the Choctaws to go as "far west as the United States possession extended," which was the 100th Meridian, or the Panhandle of Texas. They later were tricked out of the country west of the 98th Meridian. (Foot-note 3.)

Description being agreed upon, Pushmataha asked: "What will become of the White people out there"? Jackson replied that that idea is moonshine but if they were, "By the Eternals, I'll drive them into the Mississippi." Where-

(Foot Note 3.) In 1866, the Indians leased this domain (two degrees wide from 98 to 100 meridian west) to the United States. About '88 they brought suit and recovered it in the Court of Claims, but the Government coerced the Indians in the Atoka Agreement of 1897 to permit an appeal to the Supreme Court. That court found the word "Cede," Conveyed the title, although admitting the Indians only intended a lease and that the Indians had not been paid for it; but held that compensation is a duty of Congress, but Congress has not performed that duty to the Choctaws and Chickasaws to this day, and when will it?

upon Push replied: "But, General, many are rich and have much property and would it not be a little difficult to remove them?" Showing an accurate but intuitive conception of the rights of property and invested interest that the power of the Government could not take, easily. The old chief then said to Jackson, "We want the United States Government to select fifty-four square miles out of our best lands east of the Mississippi, sell them and invest and reinvest the proceeds so that the interest therefrom shall be a permanent school fund for the education of "Choctaw youths." This was too apparent to be denied and this was the first suggestion for the general education of the Indian at public expense as far as my research has enabled me to learn, and it came from a full-blood Indian. The earlier foundation of Dartmouth College and the missionary schools might be recited as examples of white men's effort to educate the

It was stated at the time of the decision that the Judge who gave the opinion stated privately that the ruling was because the Indians joined the Confederacy. However, they were left alone by the United States and had they not joined the South it meant annihilation to them;—an act of pure self-defense and self-preservation. Abandonded by the Union and threatened by the Confederacy, armed all about them, they had in prudence, but one choice—when will Congress take, in this matter, the same high plain to "keep the word of our forefathers," that General Pushmataha followed in his debate with Tecumseh. (See Appendix.)

Indian, but they were limited and for the special purpose of Christianizing the Indian and do not reach the scale of a general system of education at public expense as proposed by this sage of the forest, and at whose instance it was later put into operation. (Dortmouth College was created through donors to educate promising but poor Indian boys. The fund for such purpose is still conserved for such Indian claimants. Daniel Webster was educated from this fund. No, you never heard before he had Indian blood. See "From the Deep Wood to Civilization," by Dr. Eastman.)

The terms of the treaty having been completed the old chief sought to felicitate his associates by making a speech, in which, among other things, he said: "We boast that the Choctaws have never taken up arms against the United States (the only exception to this was in later joining the Confederacy). But we have accomplished more in this treaty by diplomacy than we could have done by war, had we chosen that method and been entirely victorious; for we have acquired from the United States here her best remaining territory west of the Mississippi; and this treaty provides a perpetual fund for the education of our children, and I predict that its benefits will in a few generations enable the Choctaws to fight in the White man's wars

and hold office in the White man's government. —"In the wars of the Nations of the earth, Apushmataha has this day declared it and his words of prophecy are not uttered foolishly."

In my opinion the acts, suggestions, and statements of Pushmataha in making that treaty were those of a very wise man, be he white or red, and contained much of that rare quality called "Statesmanship." Prophetic wisdom marked every clause, although it required much persuasion on his part to secure the assent of his own associates to all his purposes.

Nor need we rely for evidence of his greatness alone upon his isolated achievements. We have the direct testimony of contemporaneous White men of superior scolarship and learning. The Alabama historical records say he "was not only a great Indian but one of the great men of his time."

In his "History of the Life and Times of Gen. Sam Dale" by J. F. H. Claiborne, (Gen. Dale, "Big Sam Dale" removed the first Choctaws west to the Oklahoma home, he and Col. George S. Gaines being commissioned to do so in 1831 by the Secretary of War and removal began in the following year. Gen. Dale pays a very touching and pathetic tribute to the Choctaw's love of home, which is true of all the Five Civilized Tribes. He says that as they moved

westward, men, women, and children on foot, and necessarily slow, those old Indians would steal out of camp every night to take "one more look" at their old cabins and the graves of their ancestors—"the ashes of the dead"—and that they continued thus till their camp was more than forty miles away.) Claiborne was an historian of much note and at one time a member of congress, during those stirring times, whose own personal experience, together with that of his noted relative, Brig.-Gen. F. L. Claiborne in the Creek War of 1813-14, entitle him to first hand information. He gives such information of this Indian hero.

Claiborne gives in detail the conception of the Shawnee Chief, Tecumseh, to organize all the Indian tribes of the west into one grand confederation to exterminate the white settlers. Cushman, born among the Choctaws, whose father settled among them in 1820 and residing among them for upwards of eighty years, dying but fifteen or twenty years ago, tells us Tecumseh came among the Choctaws to persuade them to join his confederation, but through the eloquent appeal and leadership of Pushmataha, the Choctaws remained steadfast in the cause of the United States; that Apushmataha then living in present County of Washington, Alabama, knowing the Choc-

taws were for action on one side or the other and could not remain neutral, offered his cammand to the United States Indian Agent, Geo. S. Gaines, who took him to Mobile to inform General Flournay, who in effect told him to "run along and hunt rabbits" but reporting to Washington, Push's statement of the "danger of extermination of all the frontier settlers," a courier was dispatched by General Flournay by order of the War Department to find Pushmataha quickly and to accept his services in the name of the United States upon his own terms, which adhesion, together with the known steadfast Chickasaws, only made it possible to check-mate the wily Shawnee and save the settlers. Tecumseh, having by some means, learned of the coming of a comet foretold it in his appeal to the Indians saying: "As a sign soon you shall see my arm of fire stretched athwart the sky."

Gen. Dale, then a scout, in describing the visit of Tecumseh to the Creeks says: "In October 1811, the Annual Grand Council of the Creeks assembled at Took-a-batcha on the Tallapoosa River. The U. S. Agent, Colonel Hawkins, attended and I accompanied him. A flying rumor had circulated that some Northern Indians would be present. This brought some 5000 people including Cherokees and Choctaws. The day following, the Council met, Tecumseh with

a suit of twenty-four warriors marched into the Center Square, dressed in tanned buckskin, fitting closely, exhibiting their muscular development, among them the famous Jim Bluejacket.''

After the Agent left, Gen. Dale arranged with a ''Bill Milford'' a ''handsome half-blood friend'' to notify him when Tecumseh spoke. Evidently the English and Spanish had informed him of the coming of a comet and the earthquake of that year in Kentucky for after an appeal that only an Indian chief could make to a kindred blood, he closed in these words: ''Tecumseh will soon return to his country. My prophet shall tarry with you. When the White man approach you, the yawning earth shall swallow them up. Soon shall you see my arm of fire stretched athwart the sky. I will stamp my foot at Tippecanoe, and the very earth shall shake.'' (The importance of our winning this battle was so great that it made William Henry Harrison, president.) Like a consummate orator, Tecumseh refers to these and when the comet came, the Indians attributed to him, supernatural powers and immediately took up arms. Pushmataha, when Tecumseh met the Choctaws, says Cushman, had to meet this blaze of frenzy with consummate leadership and match it with superior oratory and wisdom and he was successful. Push replied to this appeal ascribing

the comet as but a visitation of nature that foretold nothing else but the movement of the heavenly bodies, often seen before, that were beyond the comprehension either of Tecumseh or himself and that only the superstitious would consider it other than a mere manifestation of nature. (See Appendix.) Gen. Dale heard this appeal of Push to his followers. Of it he says: "I have heard all the orators of this Republic—Indian and White—but Apushmataha is the greatest orator I ever heard. His voice was so rhythmical the Indians called it 'water-fall'."

"Apushmataha would have adorned the United States Senate, and had he been a member of the Senate where his sayings could have been preserved, posterity would look upon him as we look upon the Greek Statesmen."

In an essay by Claiborne, the Historian, on the Indian wars of 1811-13, printed in the "New Orleans Delta" on August 19, 1849, the closing paragraph contains this statement concerning Pushmataha—"A man of noblest attributes, who had it in his power to depopulate our territories but whose arm was always extended for the protection of the White settlers." This meant Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, as well as Kentucky and North River Ohio Country. The Chickasaws would have saved Tennessee.

Many amusing anecdotes have been chron-

icled about him, and they do more than word-painting to give a true knowledge of a man's character. These are the best known:

After the fall of Ft. Mims, Gen. F. L. Claiborne, then at Ft. Stoddard, dispatched Major Ballinger to induce Gen. Pushmataha, then the most celebrated war-chief of the Choctaws to visit his camp . When the chief approached the general's tent, he was received by the Lieutenant on guard who invited Push to drink. He answered only by a look of scorn. He recognized no officer with one epaulet. Later when General Claiborne came in, the Red warrior shook his hand and said proudly, as to an equal: "Chief, I will drink with you." Gen. Sam Dale says of him after this enlistment: "Pushmataha on this occasion appeared with great pomp. General Claiborne had presented him with a splendid suit of regimentals, gold epaulets, sword, silver spurs, and hat and feather ordered from Mobile at a cost of $300.00. He was a man of imposing mien, perfectly self-possessed, entirely at home in the general's tent, fearless as a lion in the hour of danger; in single combat he had no superior, and he ruled the Choctaws by the thunder of his eloquence."

Claiborne describes him thus: "He was six feet two inches high, robust, and of Herculean strength. His form and features were after the

finest models of antique; his deportment composed, dignified, and seductive. He was sometimes called 'Panther's Claw' and the 'Waterfall' in allusion to his exploits in battle and to the sonorous and musical intonations of his voice.''

Another characteristic anecdote is related of him. A feud existed between him and a Minco (Choctaw word for Chief) of the Yazoo district, and it was understood that their knives would decide it when they met. At the head of a numerous party his rival was seen approaching, evidently agitated, and irresolutely grasping a tomahawk, Push leaped forward like a tiger, his knife gleaming above his head, but suddenly paused, and with a scornful smile exclaimed: ''Leaf of the Yazoo! Why dost thou tremble? The wind don't blow. Go Squaw, go!''

Some time before our war of 1812, with Great Britain, a party of Creek Indians came to the Choctaw Country and burned the home of Pushmataha, who was in the neighborhood playing Indian Ball, a game of which he was fond and at which he was very expert. War of retaliation was kindled which was continued till the breaking out of the war between United States and Great Britain and until it was ended. While that war lasted, according to its records, he was always the first to lead his troops against the

British or their Indian allies, especially against the Creeks and Seminoles. While in the Sequoyah Constitutional Convention at Muskogee in 1905, the writer had several conversations touching this period with General Plesant Porter, the last chief of the Creeks, himself a magnificent man; he said: "Pushmataha whipped us Creeks into a frazzle."

Apushmataha, in unison with the Ancient custom of the Choctaws, had two wives. Being asked if he did not consider it wrong for a man to have more than one living wife, he replied: "Certainly not. Should not every woman be allowed the privilege of having a husband, as well as a man a wife? And how can every one have a husband when there are more women than men? Our Great Father had the Choctaws counted last year, and it was ascertained that there were more women than men, and if a man was allowed but one wife many of our women would have no husband. Surely, the women should have equal chances with the men in that particular."

During the Creek war of 1814, in which Apushmataha was engaged with eight hundred of his warriors as allies of the United States, as before stated, a small company of Choctaw women, among whom was the wife of Apushmataha, visited their husbands and friends then in

the American army in the Creek Nation. A white soldier, grossly insulted the wife of the distinguished Choctaw Chief, for which the justly indignant chief knocked him down with the hilt of his sword, instead of plunging it through his body, as he should have done. Being arrested for the just and meritorious act, and asked by the commanding general the reason for his act, he fearlessly answered: "He insulted my wife, and I knocked the insolent dog down; but had you, General, have insulted her as that common soldier did, I would have used the point upon you instead of the hilt, in resenting an insult offered to my wife."

If all the things Apushmataha did and said had been preserved, we should no doubt have had enough material to last the romance writers for a quarter of a century and then some to spare for the movie films.

Another incident is related by the Indian Bureau of the period. When a guard of eight or ten were kept at the Choctaw Agency, one of the soldiers having become intoxicated, was ordered to be confined. There being no guardhouse, the temporary restraint was effected by tying the offending soldier. Seeing the soldier thus situated, Apushmataha inquired the cause, and on being told, exclaimed, "Is that all"? and immediately untied the unfortunate soldier, re-

marking coolly: "Many good warriors get drunk." His own faults were drinking, and gambling on horse races and Indian ball games.

According to Thomas L. McKinney, Chief of the Indian Bureau before the Civil War, and Indian Military service for more than twenty-five years, the Chief was in Washington City in 1824 on business for the Choctaws. "The venerable Lafayette, then upon his memorable and triumphal tour through the United States, was at the same metropolis, and the Choctaw Chiefs came to pay him their respects. Several of them made speeches, and among the rest, Pushmataha addressed him in these words: "Nearly fifty snows have melted since you drew the sword as a companion of Washington. With him you fought the enemies of America. You mingled your blood with that of the enemy, and proved yourself a warrior. After you finished that war, you returned to your own country; and now you are come back to visit a land, where you are honored by a numerous and powerful people. You see every where the children of those by whose side you went to battle, crowding around you, and shaking your hand, as the hand of a father. We have heard these things told in our distant villages, and our hearts longed to see you. We have come, we have taken you by the hand, and are satisfied. This is the first

time we have seen you; it will probably be the last. We have no more to say. The earth will part us forever."

The old warrior pronounced these words with affected solemnity of voice and manner. He seemed to feel a presentiment of the brevity of his own life. The concluding remark of his speech was prophetic. In a few days, he was no more. He was taken ill at Washington, and died in a strange land. When he found that his end was approaching, he called his companions around him, and desired them to raise him up, to bring his arms, and to decorate him with all his ornaments, that his death might be that of a man. In conversation with his Indian friends, shortly before his death, he said, "I shall die, but you will return to our brethren. As you go along the paths, you will see the flowers and hear the birds sing, but Pushmataha will see them and hear them no more. When you shall come to your home, they will ask you, *where is Apushmataha?* and you will say to them, *he is no more.* They will hear the tidings like the sound of the fall of a mighty oak in the stillness of the woods."

Thomas L. McKinney, then in the Indian Bureau, says, "The only speech made by Pushmataha, on the occasion of his visit to Washington, was the following. It was intended by him

to be an opening address, which, had he lived, he would doubtless have followed by another more like himself. We took it down as he spoke it. The person addressed was the Secretary of War. '*Father*—I have been here some time. I have not talked—have been sick. You shall hear me talk today. I belong to another district. You have no doubt heard of me—*I am Apushmataha.* '*Father*—When in my own country, I often looked towards this Council House, and wanted to come here. I am in trouble. I will tell my distresses. I feel like a small child, not half so high as its father, who comes up to look in his father's face, hanging in the bend of his arm to tell him his troubles. So, Father, I hang in the bend of your arm, and look in your face, and now hear me speak: '*Father*—When I was in my own country, heard there were men appointed to talk to us. I would not speak there; I chose to come here, and speak in this beloved house. I can boast, and say, and tell the truth, that none of my fathers, or grandfathers, nor any Choctaw ever drew bows against the United States. They have always been friendly. We have held the hands of the United States so long, that our nails are long like birds' claws; and there is no danger of their slipping out. '*Father* —I have come to speak. My nation has always listened to the applications of the White people.

They have given of their country till it is very small. I repeat the same about the land east of the Tombigby. I came here when a young man to see my Father, Jefferson. He told me if ever we got in trouble, we must run and tell him. I am come. This is a friendly talk; it is like a man who meets another, and says, how do you do? Another will talk further'."

The celebrated John Randolph, in a speech upon the floor of the Senate, alluded thus to the forest chieftain, whose brief memoirs we have attempted to sketch: "Sir, in a late visit to the public graveyard, my attention was arrested by the simple monument of the Choctaw Chief Pushmataha. He was, I have been told by those who knew him, one of nature's nobility; a man who would have adorned any society. He lies quietly by the side of our statesmen and high magistrates in the region—for there is one such, where the Red man and the White man are on a level. On the sides of the plain shaft that marks his place of burial, I read these words: '*Pushmataha, a Choctaw Chief, lies here. This monument to his memory is erected by his Brother Chiefs, who were associated with him in a delegation from their Nation, in the year* 1824, *to the Government of the United States. Pushmataha was a warrior of great distinction. He was wise in council, eloquent in an extraordinary*

degree; and on all occasions, and under all circumstances, the White man's friend. He died in Washington, on the 24th day of December, 1824, of the croup, in the 60th year of his age'.'' Among his last words were the following: "When I am gone, let the big guns be fired over me."

"This chief had five children. His oldest son died at the age of twenty-one, after having completed an excellent English education. The others were young at the time of the decease of their father. A medal has been sent by the President to the oldest surviving son, as a testimony of respect for the memory of a warrior, whose attachment to our government was steady and unshaken, throughout his life."

It does not appear that he ever attended school, yet he was as wise as the scholars of his age.

To Oklahomans it must seem a strange incident that his successor as chief fell to his nephew, (on his wife's side) by name Oklahoma.

Gen. Andrew Jackson, then Senator from Tennessee, stood by his sick bed and inquired: "Warrior, what can I do for you?" His reply—his last words, were: "When I am gone let the Big Guns be fired over me." An order was executed to give him burial with full honors due a general of the American Army.

The ceremonies of the funeral were very imposing of martial pomp and pageantry fit for a prince of the Purple, and creditable to a great Republic, though too often ungrateful, paying her last respects to a faithful chieftain. According to official chronicles, these were: "Besides the discharge of minute guns on the Capital Hill, and from the ground contiguous to the place of interment, there was an immense concourse of citizens, a long train of carriages, cavalry, military, bands of music, the whole procession extending at least a mile in length; and there were thousands lining the ways, and filling the doors and windows, and then the military honors at the grave." All this in honor of A-Push-ma-ta-ha, the greatest of Indians, and one of the great men of his time, whose noble deeds have been forgotten since, in the lapse of ninety-nine years.

APPENDIX

FOREST FORUM DEBATE BETWEEN TECUMSEH AND PUSHMATAHA

Colonel John Pitchlynn, a white man of strict integrity, well educated and a great linguist, and therefore having a very retentive memory for verbatim statements, who for many years was the U. S. Official interpreter to the Choctaws, states he heard the speech of Tecumseh to the Choctaws and Pushmataha's reply, and it is to him we are indebted for a verbatim report and preservation of both speeches. He described the vivid scene to which he was an eye witness, preceding this, the most noted debate between the giants, as they were, of all the North American Indians. Runners were sent out to secure the attendance of every Choctaw warrior and as many Chickasaws as possible, for a great question was to be discussed affecting all North American Indians by the great Ambassador from the Shawnees who desired to meet them in council. The place selected was a point on Tombigbee River, some five miles North of Columbus, Mississippi, now known as Plymouth. Col.

Pitchlynn states that the number attending ran into thousands. After night fall a signal, that of setting on fire a great pile of logs and chuncks previously collected, for the multitude to assemble. Rings encircling the blazing heap extending outward till all were seated on the ground in winding circles around this "forest forum." Tecumseh emerged from the darkness, marched to the center, followed by his retinue of thirty warriors, who formed a crescent about their Chief. He stood eyeing the multitude and measuring the task before him, that of putting them on the war-path to destroy all frontier settlements. Every eye upon him, he "in a grave and solemn manner," says Colonel Pitchlynn, began:

"In view of questions of vast importance have we met together in solemn council," and then turned loose a torrent of invective against the wrongs by the White man, equal to Cicero's arraignment of Cataline; followed by an eloquent peroration and shouted: "Where today is the Pequods? Where the Naragansetts, the Mohawks? Where the Pocanokets? Their fate is your portion, if you heed not. Sleep not longer, O! Choctaws and Chickasaws! till the pale-face kick and strick you as they do their black-faced slaves!" Thus he continued in a lengthy discourse pyramiding his passionate

eloquence and perorations, closing with confident success. A few of the Choctaw Chiefs followed, some supporting the Shawnee, others not certain, some desiring to consider but not inveigling against the eloquent appeal of the mighty Shawnee. Another who, till that moment, when a unanimous vote for Tecumseh seemed certain, had uttered not a word. "As he drew himself to full height," says Col. Pitchlynn, "there was revealed the symmetrical form and most renowned—a man of great dignity, unyielding firmness, undisputed bravery and varacity, sound judgment, and firm friend of the American people—Pushmataha;" all eyes turned to him, their guide, philosopher, and friend. Standing in eloquent silence, as only can an Indian, surveying his followers, he began that which may be turmed *Pushmataha's Great Speech*:

"O-mish-ke! A numpa tiollofasih ish hakloh:" (Attention! Listen, you, to my brief remarks:)

Again pausing for more certain concentration, he continued as follows as reproduced by Col. John Pitchlynn at the time:

"It was not my design in coming here to enter into a disputation with any one. But I appear before you, my warriors and my people, not to throw in my plea against the accusations

of Tecumseh; but to prevent your forming rash and dangerous resolutions upon things of highest importance, through the instigations of others. I have myself learned by experience, and also see many of you, O Choctaws and Chickasaws, who have the same experience of years that I have—the injudicious steps of engaging in an enterprise because it is new. Nor do I stand up before you tonight to contradict the many facts alleged against the American people, or to raise my voice against them in useless accusations. The question before us now is not what wrongs they have inflicted upon our race, but what measures are best for us to adopt in regard to them; and though our race may have been unjustly treated and shamefully wronged by them, yet I shall not for that reason alone advise you to destroy them, unless it were just and expedient for you so to do; nor, would I advise you to forgive them, though worthy of your commiseration, unless I believed it would be to the interest of our common good. We should consult more in regard to our future welfare than our present. What people, my friends and countrymen, were so unwise and inconsiderate as to engage in a war of their own accord, when their own strength, and even with the aid of others, was judged unequal to the task, I well know causes often arise which force men to con-

front extremities, but, my countrymen, those causes do not now exist. Reflect, therefore, I earnestly beseech you, before you act hastily in this great matter, and consider with yourselves how greatly you will err if you injudiciously approve of and inconsiderately act upon Tecumseh's advise. Remember, the American people are now friendly disposed toward us. Surely you are convinced that the greatest good may result to us by the adoption of and adhering to those measures I have before recommended to you; and, without giving too great a scope to mercy or forbearance, by which I could never permit myself to be seduced, I earnestly pray you to follow my advice in this weighty matter, and in following it resolve to adopt those expedients for our future welfare. My friends, fellow countrymen! You now have no just cause to declare war against the American people, or wreak your vengeance upon them as enemies, since they have ever manifested feelings of friendship towards you. It is besides inconsistent with your national glory and with your honor, as a people, to violate your solemn treaty; and a disgrace to the memory of your forefathers, to wage war against the American people merely to gratify the malice of the English.

"The war, which you are now contemplating against the Americans, is a flagrant breach of

justice; yea, a fearful blemish on your honor and also that of your fathers, and which you will find if you examine it carefully and judiciously, forbodes nothing but destruction to our entire race. It is a war against a people whose territories are now far greater than our own, and who are far better provided with all the necessary implements of war, with men, guns, horses, wealth, far beyond that of all our race combined, and where is the necessity of wisdom to make war upon such a people? Where is our hope of success, if thus weak and unprepared we should declare it against them? Let us not be deluded with the foolish hope that this war, if begun, will soon be over, even if we destroy all the whites within our territories, and lay waste their homes and fields. Far from it. It will be but the beginning of the end that terminates in the total destruction of our race, and though we will not permit ourselves to be made slaves, or, like inexperienced warriors, shudder at the thought of war, yet I am not so insensible and inconsistent as to advise you cowardly to yield to the outrages of the whites, or wilfully to connive at their unjust encroachments; but only not yet to have recourse to war, but to send Ambassadors to our Great Father at Washington, and lay before him our grievances, without betraying too great eagerness for war, or mani-

festing any tokens of pusillanimity. Let us, therefore, my fellow countrymen, form our resolutions with great caution and prudence upon a subject of such vast importance, and in which such fearful consequence may be involved.

"Heed not, O, my countrymen, the opinions of others to that extent as to involve your country in a war that destroys its peace and endangers its future safety, prosperity, and happiness. Reflect, ere it be too late, on the great uncertainty of war with the American people, and consider well, ere you engage in it, what the consequence will be if you should be disappointed in your calculations and expectations. Be not deceived with illusive hopes. Hear me, O, my countrymen, if you begin this war it will end in calamities to us from which we are now free and at a distance; and upon whom of us they will fall, will only be determined by the uncertain and hazardous event. Be not, I pray you, guilty of rashness, which I never as yet have known you to be; therefore, I implore you, while healing measures are in the election of us all, not to break the treaty, not violate your pledge of honor, but to submit our grievances, whatever they may be, to the Congress of the United States, according to the articles of the treaty existing between us and the American people. If not, I here invoke the Great Spirit, who takes

cognizance of oaths, to bear me witness, that I shall endeavor to avenge myself upon the authors of this war, by whatever methods you shall set me an example. Remember we are a people who have never grown insolent with success, or become abject in adversity; but let those who invite us to hazardous attempts by uttering our praise, also know that the pleasure of hearing has never elevated our spirits above our judgement, nor an endeavor to exasperate us by flow of invectives to be provoked the sooner to compliance. From tempers equally balanced let it be known that we are warm in the field of battle, and cool in the hours of debate; the former, because of sense of duty has the greater influence over a sedate disposition, and magnanimity the keenest sense of shame; and though good we are at debate, still our education is not polite enough to teach us a contempt of laws, yet by its severity gives us so much good sense as never to disregard them.

"We are not a people so impertinently wise as to invalidate the preparations of our enemies by a plausible harangue, and then absolutely proceed to a contest; but we reckon the thoughts of the pale-faces to be similar cast with our own, and that harzardous contingencies are not to be determined by a speech. We always presume that the projects of our enemies are judiciously

planned and then we seriously prepare to defeat them. Nor do we found our success upon the hope that they will certainly blunder in their conduct, but upon the hope that we have omitted no proper steps for our own security. Such is the discipline which our fathers, have handed down to us; and by adhering to it, we have reaped many advantages. Let us, my countrymen, not forget it now, nor in short space of time precipitately determine a question in which so much is involved. It is indeed the duty of the prudent, so long as they are not injured to delight in peace. But it is the duty of the brave, when injured, to lay peace aside, and to have recourse to arms; and when successful in these, then to lay them down again in peaceful quiet; thus never to be elevated above measure by success in war, nor delighted with the sweets of peace to suffer insults. For he who, apprehensive of losing the delight, sits indolently at ease, will soon be deprived of the enjoyment of that delight which interesteth his fears; and he whose passions are inflamed by military success, elevated too high by a treacherous confidence, hears no longer the dictates of judgment.

"Many are the schemes, though unadvisedly planned, through the more unreasonable conduct of an enemy, which turn out successful; but more numerous are those which, though

seemingly founded on mature counsel, draw after them a disgraceful and opposite result. This proceeds from that great inequality of spirit with which an exploit is projected and with which it is put into actual execution. For in counsel we resolve, surrounded with security; in execution we faint, through the prevalence of fear. Listen to the voice of prudence, oh, my countrymen, ere you rashly, act. But do as you may, know this truth, enough for you to know, I shall join our friends, the Americans, in this war."

"All who will follow me to victory and glory in this war let me also see your tomahawks in the air."

Considering his wonderful voice and personal magnetism, as testified to, by all White men who knew him, it is a certainty that Col. Pitchlynn did not overdraw it, but that his effort to reproduce it must be feeble when compared to its delivery, as Col. Pitchlynn says, for it saved the settlers of our territories, and gave us success in the second war with Great Britain, in which it enabled us to win one battle on land in that conflict. Note some of the superb expressions of that speech. "Pleasure of hearing has never elevated our spirits above our judgment." May the American voter say this after listening to the demagogue. Note again: "We are warm

in the field of war; cool in the hours of debate." What an admirable practice. Then recall his appeal to their honor to keep their word and that of "their fathers" and he calls on the "Great Spirit" to register his oath to punish any Choctaw who violates the pledges by "solemn treaty." Again: "Still our education is not polite enough to teach us a contempt of laws." Note the wisdom in the paragraph next before the last, how to measure an opponent and preserve peace and finally observe how bluntly he throws down the gauntlet even to Tecumseh and the other chiefs. The more one reads that oration, the larger it looms.

It is said he vowed that every Choctaw who ran away to join Tecumseh should be shot upon his return and that only thirty ran away and but one of them lived to return.

CHIEFS' PERSONAL SKETCHES

APUSH-MA-TA-HA-HU-BI, the real, or full name of General Pushmataha. Apush-ma-ta-ha, the name he called himself.

ASSEOLA, usually called "Oseola," a noted Seminole Chief, who angered at the government on account of some annuities which it refused to pay, as a means of "pressure," ended the parley by plunging his knife into the table at the

Council, saying: "The next treaty I make will be with this." The real parley grew out of the Seminoles' refusal to agree to move west and the government violated its obligation to secure acquiescence. The old Chief began to steal Negro slaves and to run them off to Florida. The government began an active war with the two-fold object of returning the slaves and removing the Seminoles to the Indian Territory Country where they now live. The "Century History" of the United States estimates that it cost the United States the lives of three soldiers and $80,000.00 for every slave they brought back; while General Upton's "Military Policy" recites that 60,000 men were engaged against the Seminoles of 1500 warriors, but the war ended without removing a single Indian. How much better had it been, and cheaper to, had the Government kept its promise. But it almost destroyed the best mental and moral forces of the Seminoles. Their best and bravest men were killed, and left them without leadership which resulted in their admixture with the Negro.

The treatment of the Seminoles is properly a distinct part of "A Century of Dishonor."

BUFFINGTON, a modern Chief of the Cherokees. His home is at Vinita.

BROWN, John Brown, as unassuming, wise old business man, honest as the longest day of June, and full-blood Chief of the Seminoles for upwards of thirty years. He was the last elected Chief. He died about 1912 at his home in Sasakwa, where he maintained a very thriving mercantile business. In the old days, he was associated in business with A. J. Brown and a white man by the name of C. L. Long, a very just and upright man, the same man who was elected one of the four "Congressmen" in the Sequoyah movement to represent the proposed State in Congress. Long organized the Wewoka post office about the year 1884, and kept it many years, says C. Guy Cutlip, an attorney of Wewoka.

Chief John Brown held the universal confidence of the full-blood Indians, not alone of his own Tribe but of those of the Chickasaw, Choctaw, and Creek, as well as all white men with whom he came in close association. The first time the writer heard of "Chief John Brown," was from a full-blood Chickasaw woman, whom he represented in some litigation, more than twenty-five years ago. He was rather surprised when told that she must "go Seminole Nation, see Chief John Brown, get money" with which to pay cost. On further inquiring she said: "He good man; keep all my money,"

which then aggregated some $5,000.00. This caused the writer to watch Chief John Brown. No one was ever heard to complain that he failed to return on demand every cent entrusted to his care.

The writer recommends John Brown's course to the Governors of Oklahoma—When "We the people" have the good sense to choose men of such integrity, for their governors.

GERONIMO, the celebrated Apache Chief, who with his entire band were kept for more than sixty years as "prisioners of war" within the Ft. Sill Military Reservation. The Government never could crush his will or spirit—Till his death, some fifteen years ago. He ever kept his spirit ready for march.

A few years before his death, he slipped past the guards and had all his band—men, women, and children—on the march and thirty-five miles away before they were missed by the military authorities. What a spirit must have burned behind that silent, Stoic face and what a heroic heart must have been wrapped in that blanket!

JOSEPH, Chief Joseph, of the Origin Indians, who did not want "His people taught to quarrel about God."

JOHNSTON, Douglas H. Johnston, one-fourth Chickasaw, son of Col. John Johnston, one of the family of General Albert Sidney Johnston of the Confederate Army; and one of the officers who removed the Chickasaws from Tennessee to their present home. He remained in their new home where he married with a half-breed Chickasaw woman, and reared a numerous family. D. H. Johnston, the youngest son, has been Governor of the Chickasaw Nation, continuously (except the two-year-term of P. S. Mosley) since 1898. He was the last elected Governor, and holds over, during good behavior, under the "Atoka Agreement," and its "Supplementary Agreement." He would be a credit to any Western State as Governor. He is the best judge of men, the most generous, and diplomatic man, the author ever knew. He is as high-minded as the old "Southern Johnstons," —always with exact sense of propriety and deportment of a thoroughbred gentleman of the old Southern type. Nothing low or mean ever came to his head or heart—the author can say this after a continual personal and intimate association with him since 1899.

LeFLORE, Greenwood LeFlore, half Choctaw, his father being one of the old Marshals of Napoleon, who fled France after the Battle of

Waterloo. He was a powerful Chief of the Choctaws in Mississippi; built, so Senator Vardeman stated to the author, the finest resident building in that state up to the time of his death, and furnished it throughout with rich and costly furniture and tapestry imported from France. Many characteristic anecdotes have been told of him. One in which it was said he visited President Andrew Jackson to request the removal of a worthless Indian Agent, a personal friend of old "Hickory." Jackson protested that the Chief was meddling in his affairs. LeFlore answered in positive tone: "He must be removed." Whereupon Jackson slapped his breast saying: "I, Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, say he shall not." The old chief without flinching, slapped his own breast and with equal determination and emphasis responded: "I, Greenwood LeFlore, principal chief of the Choctaw Nation, swear that if you do not remove him, I will." Two representatives of imperious force and will had met but the agent shortly resigned.

Many of Oklahoma's most worthy and prominent citizens, proudly trace their lineage back to this remarkable man. Among them may be named Mrs. Ed Perry, and the deceased wife of Ex-Governor Lee Cruce, and Wm. W. LeFlore

of Choctaw County, almost a full-blood, but a most ready and brilliant orator.

At the suggestion of the Hon. Chas. H. Pittman, the author lent his assistance in naming for this great chief LeFlore County, Oklahoma.

LOGAN, his Indian name was Tahgahjut; but his father (Chief Wingohocking) swapped names with James Logan, Secretary to Wm. Penn and later Chief Justice of the Pennsylvania Colony, a scholar, and philosopher and known friend to the Indian. The chief's name was given to a small Pennsylvania stream and Logan's to his son.

Lord Dunsmore, governor of the Virginia Colony in 1774, led an expedition against the Indians in Ohio, and he and the Mincos, or headmen, of numerous tribes agreed on terms of peace. Lord Dunsmore especially desired the signature to the Treaty of Logan who then was chief of all Mincos, but had refused to attend. An old friend of Logan's (John Gibson) was sent to secure the chief's attendance. They met, walked a pace, and, stopping under an old Elm Tree, known to this day as "Logan's Elm," near Circleville, Ohio, the old chief delivered his "Message" replying to Lord Dunsmore, which soon spread over both continents as it became a classic gem throughout the colonies.

Of it Thomas Jefferson said: "I may challenge the whole orations of Demosthenes and Cicero and of any more eminent orators, to produce a single passage superior to the speech of Logan, a Minco chief, to Lord Dunsmore." William McGuffey gave it prominent place in one of his school readers, where old men, now living, will recall it during their school days, forty years ago.

Alfred Lee, in Randall and Ryan's history, says: "Taken in connection with the circumstances which are said to have inspired it, this is one of the most pathetic deliverances in all literature. In brevity, simplicity, and directness of appeal, it bears a striking resemblance to Abraham Lincoln's dedicatory address at Gettysburg.

CHIEF LOGAN TO LORD DUNSMORE

"I appeal to any White man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked and he clothed him not. During the couse of the last, long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate of peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed as they passed and said, 'Logan is the friend of the White man.' Colonel Cresap the last spring,

in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relatives of Logan, not sparing even his women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. Yet do not harbor the thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his own life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

It was recorded at that time that the speech was delivered after Logan had burst into tears on recalling a recent massacre of some of his kin by the whites.

Gibson immediately reported the speech to Lord Dunsmore, and as early as 1781 it had spread through Europe and other civilized countries.

Gibson states he took the words down just as they were delivered and that they were spoken in English.

LONE WOLFE, Chief of one of the "Affiliated" bands near Ft. Sill. Has lived on his farm in a very substantial house for many years, a sober, upright, and substantial citizen. He is noted over the United States for being a party to a suit in the U. S. Supreme Court

brought in his name by the "Indian Rights Association" of Philadelphia, to test the power of Congress to violate the obligations of Indian Treaties, without the Indian's consent. Their decision known as the "Lone Wolf Decission" left "Poor Lo!" without a leg to stand on—at the complete mercy of the political power of the Government.

McCURTAIN, Green McCurtain, Modern Principal Chief of the Choctaws, last elected; died in office since Statehood—a wise, honest, upright man. McCurtain County, Oklahoma, was named in his honor. His son, Judge D. C. McCurtain, is and has been for many years, Judge of LeFlore, County, Oklahoma.

McINTOSH, a Creek Chief in their old Alabama home. He lost his life through advocating the Treaty for removal west. Many of the strongest men of the Creek Country of Oklahoma, are his descendants, among them, the late Hon. Cheasie McIntosh. The McIntoshes, like the Graysons, and the Poseys, have no intermixture of Negro blood. They are a proud and honorable family.

OVERTON, B. F., Governor of the Chickasaw Nation following the Civil war. A very strong character having served as governor con-

tinuously for twenty-five years, or more. Many of the progressive and wise laws adopted in their old government were due to his influence.

PHILLIP, a Chief of the new England Colonies who lived in the days prior to the American Revolution, and Chief character in the "French and Indian War;" much history and literature has been written about this noted chief of a very early date.

PARKER, Quannah Parker, Half-white-Comanche Chief. His father was named Nocona. His mother, Cynthiann Parker, daughter of Col. I. D. Parker, one of the first settlers of Parker County, Texas, was captured by the Comanches on one of their many Full Moon forays to North Texas, while a small child. When she grew to womanhood, she was recaptured by the Texas Rangers under command of Col. Sol Ross, later governor of Texas and many stories were then written about her, which stories had much to do in electing him. While the Rangers were killing Indians indiscriminately, she patted her breast and exclaimed: "Me, Cynthiann! Me, Cynthiann!" the only English words she could then speak. Her kin identified her by the absence of one finger, which her little brother had chopped off with a hatchet while at play. She was never happy with her

relatives and was returned to the Comanches, where she became the wife of Chief Nocona. Their son, Quannah, used to make frequent visits to his Texas white kin. He visited the Oklahoma First Legislature and called on the Speaker and said to the author. "I akin to Judge Parker who ran for President. I Democrat too." He died but a few years since at an advanced age. He counciled peace at all times between his people and the whites, and was respected by all. His home was some ten or twelve miles west of Lawton, Oklahoma.

PORTER, General Plesant Porter, mixed blood Creek Chief, the last elected under the "Allotment Treaties." He died about the year of Statehood. "Drunk or sober, in a bawdy house, church or saloon, he was always, under all circumstances a gentleman," and commanded such respect. That statement, the writer has often heard of him.

In the days of Federal Court Rule of the Indian Territory, on one occasion a petition was presented to Federal Judge Raymond at Muskogee for a writ of Injunction, restraining P. Porter "Chief of the Creek Nation," which was granted by the Court. At the noon hour, Gen. Porter sought the judge at his Hotel and the following colloquy occurred:

General Porter: "Sir, I presume, I have the honor to meet Judge Raymond?"

Judge Raymond: "You have; what do you want?"

Porter: "Sir, I understand your honor has issued an injunction against me; may I inquire: does it mean against Plesant Porter, personally, or as 'Chief of the Creek Nation'?"

Judge: "As Chief."

General Porter: "Then, Sir, I inform you that I shall violate your order, as issued without jurisdiction. Sir, the Creek Nation is a sovereign State and not subject to a 'Legislative Court'—and, Sir, I further inform you that before you shall disgrace me by imprisonment under an unauthorized, arbitrary ruling, by-G-d I'll kill you, good-day."

It is said the judge asked who that man was and at the afternoon session, the judge as soon as court convened, looked about and said: "Ahem, Gentlemen of the Bar, on this forenoon, the Court inadvertantly issued an order against the Creek Nation. That is without authority of this Court. The order is vacated and dissolved. —Proceed gentlemen, with the case at bar."

The story is told—and General Porter gave the writer his side of it—of how he got the title "General." It is:

Some thirty odd years ago, the government desired the Creeks to adopt a certain policy to which Chief Porter would not agree, conceiving it not to be to the best interests of his people. The government sought to apply "pressure," as in the case of Asseola, the Seminole Chief, which to our shame, has too often been its resort. Under a pretense of an "Indian disorder, that threatened to become an outbreak." The Indian Bureau gave out a few news dispatches and called on the Secretary of War to send 200 troops from one of the Western Forts to "Preserve Order in the Creek Nation." When they arrived, Chief Porter realized that it meant his slavish obedience to the Bureau to the detriment of his people, or his down-fall and disgrace. He called together his entire force of light-horsemen (the tribal militia) silently marched them to the rendezvous of the United States Troops. Awaiting the cover of night when the General was asleep, he surrounded the military camp, disarmed the sentinels, captured the general, and his entire army. Building a stockade, he put them all in it, being careful that no intelligence should reach the outside world. After two days "to let the American General sweat off his anger," said Porter, "I had him brought to my well provided-for-the-occasion-war headquarters. I said in very solemn tones: "General, I

have the honor of having you and all your command as my prisoners of war," said Chief Porter. "I shall prove to you my generosity to a vanquished foe. I'll make a treaty with you, permitting you to carry your sword and all your men their side-arms and to march back to your Western fortifications, under one condition, that you sign a telegram to the War Department which I shall write. Of course, I fully realize what I have done—that if it become known I shall be shot, but it will disgrace you for life. General, to be known that you and your entire command were surprised and captured by a bunch of Indians. I selected my course because I had rather die than be disgraced. I tested your spirit. I offer you your life and honor, in exchange for a preservation of my own honor. Now, I return you to your prison to think over it for twenty-four hours."

"The following evening the prisoner was brought to my headquarters," continued Porter, "and I presented him a telegram addressed to the War Department, running thus:

"Complete order prevails in Creek Nation. General Plesant Porter and his Light Horsemen are in complete control. Please wire further orders." (Signed.)

(To be sure "General Porter was in control.")

The telegram was dispatched to the nearest (but distant) telegraph station, and the General returned to the stockade. In due time a reply was received from the Secretary of War, directing him: "Leave General Plesant Porter in control and return with your command to the Fort." "So you see," says General Porter, in relating the story, "I was really commissioned 'General' by the U. S. Secretary of War, and ever since both here and in Washington I have retained the title."

In the Sequoyah convention General Porter read a production on the "Death" of the Indian governments, which may be found in the Muskogee newspapers of that date (1905) which for phathos, diction, and sentiment we have ever since regarded as a literary gem, equal to that of Chief Logan's.

General Porter and the late Col. H. B. Spaulding, life long friends, both gone to their final reward, were very kindred spirits, often seen together, and the author never enjoyed the company of two men better than these two noble souls, and he shall ever cherish as a dear privilege during their life time, of calling both his good friends.

PIOMINCO, Pure-blood Chickasaw Chief in the days of the American Revolution. He was

ever fond of boasting of his personal friendship with General George Washington. His troops were enlisted under Washington. See text of Essays. His real name was Piominco.

POWHATAN, Chief of Virginia Indians, father of Pocahontas (See her Essay for description.)

PUSHMATAHA, the name given Apushmataha, by the whites.

RED CLOUD, Full-blood Sioux Chief. The government removed him and his band of 4,000 warriors and their wives and children, after Sitting Bull was driven into Canada, from their old homes to a point on the Missouri River for winter, with the promise that they should be taken to a permanent home in the following Spring. When the time arrived for the order to go, instead, an Indian Commissioner, Meyers by name, with a bald head, met them with the purpose of talking them into going to another reservation. As he began his talk, Red Cloud interrupted him, with: "When it comes time for the government to keep its promise, we are met with some liar from Washington, and the bald-headed are the worst liars of all. You have nothing to do here but to keep the government's promise and sign the order for our removal. If you do

not issue the order, I will, and I have 4,000 armed men to back my order. For once the government's promise was kept promptly—the order was given. When 4,000 armed and determined men led by a wise and brave chief met an Indian officer, nobody could blame him if he kept his word, under such circumstances, but when they are helpless it is another thing altogether. (See Helen Hunt Jackson's "A Century of Dishonor.")

RIDGE, celebrated Chief of the Cherokees of about a hundred years ago. Founder of the "Ridge Party," in the Cherokee Nation.

ROGERS, Chief William Rogers, of Cherokees, about the time of Statehood, ancestor of the stage humorist, and stage roping stunt—Will Rogers.

ROSS, Chief of the Cherokees during the Civil War. The writer has in his library a "History of the Highland Clans," printed in Edinburgh, Scotland, which gives complete descent of Chief Ross back to the "Ross Clan" of the Highlands—did you ever observe the effect of the cross between the North American Indian and other races—that ninety per cent of the steady and prominent mix bloods—men of strong characters—are a cross with the Scotch

or German—just a few exceptions? This is a fruitful study for students of Ethnology. Once in conversation with Gen. Pratt, (retired) founder of Carlisle, who spent many years among numerous tribes along the Canadian border of the Northwest. He stated that was true there and in Canada. The writer believes he has solved the reasons therefor, but they would require too much space to be given here.

SITTING BULL, head Chief of the Sioux, who annihilated Gen. Custer's army at the Battle of the "Little Big Horn." At the time of this campaign (in the 70's), Sitting Bull was as well trained in military strategy and tactics as any General on this continent. A cadet to West Point, upon returning home, found his sweetheart had gilted him and married another. He resigned from the Army in disgust and went west to make his home among the Sioux Indians. For passtime, he trained the stalwart Sioux in military tactics. So Sitting Bull had acquired the arts of war of the White man, which he added to the cunning of his own race. Gen. Custer, found from the report of his scouts that Sitting Bull and his entire army of some 4,000 warriors were stationed in a causeway between two ranges of mountains, with no escape except up or down the causeway and

valley of the two ranges. Seeking to hem the Sioux and hammer them, all at one stroke, with his artillery into submission, he ordered Reno, his aid, to make a detour and come up the causeway and at a given signal, to march straight to him, stationed at the other end of the causeway with the cannon. It was a bold plan and might have succeeded but for the cowardice of Reno. (Custer was so brave that he could not imagine any man could be a coward) and if he had matched military wits with some other than Sitting Bull. By all rules of war save one (the fatal mistake of dividing his strength) he should have won, having an artillery, small to be sure, but "victory is on the side of the heaviest artillery" said Napoleon and the Indian had none. But he detected the mistake of division and played it like Stonewall Jackson in the Shannandoah Valley when he with 15,000 men held at bay 60,000 and four well trained generals, striking Banks here, Shields there and driving McClelland to the rear before they could combine forces. When Custer gave Reno the number of days to make the detour and get into the rear of Sitting Bull, it is clear that Indian Scouts had followed his course; for when Custer gave the signal from his artillery, Sitting Bull, detailed a mere handful to make a feint against Custer, but faced Reno with nearly the whole of his 4,000 warriors, and as Congressman Miller of

Minnesota stated on the floor of Congress, "Man for man, there never lived a greater warrior than the Sioux Indian." The first shock of surprise whipped Reno, and finally he fled down the causeway chased at full speed by a few hundred Indians. Turning with the larger portion of his force, Sitting Bull began attack on Custer from three sides, so as to avoid the galling fire of the cannon. Scarcely a single man escaped, Custer with all his force perished. At the opening of the battle, General Custer had, according to the war records, 3,800 trained soldiers with some artillery and very superior weapons. It was a drawn battle with military strategy displayed on both sides and the victory was complete and decisive; but to "save the face" of the war department it was called a "massacre." Reno was court marshaled and "whitewashed," and the American people were none the wiser for were there not hung in every saloon throughout the land large oil paintings showing the massacre? Verily; "History is a fable agreed upon," sometimes.

SEQUOYAH, or George Guist, Cherokee-German, the genius who devised the Cherokee Syllabary, sometimes called alphabet, wherein the eighty-six sounds of the Cherokee language

has one sound for a letter or symbol, and but one, with no silent letters.

What a travesty on the scholars of the English-speaking race that they have twenty-six letters to represent forty-two sounds, with all the difficulty in spelling English words, when they should have, like Sequoyah's, forty-two letters—one for each sound and but one, with no silents. To do it only requires agreement among the English scholars and the compiling of a dictionary in line with it—Then we shall spell "fotograf" and not "photograph." Indeed then we may abolish the spelling book for so soon as one learns the alphabet, he or she may begin reading as did the Cherokees.

TECUMSEH, Shawnee Chief—His father a Shawnee, his mother a full-blood Creek—was born in Kentucy enroute to the Home of the Shawnees north of the Ohio River, while returning from a visit to the Creeks in Alabama.

TISHOMINGO, full-blood Chickasaw Chief, known among them as "Our George Washington," who died about 1839. His real name was Tisho-minco—"Tisho" means serving and "minco" means Chief—but the English-speaking race has a faculty of changing the names of people—"Christopher Columbus," for instance,

whose real name, and by which he called himself and was called by his associates, was "Cristobal Colon." But alas! we too often follow the pedantic, for scholarship. The more pompous ponderosity, a self-confessed pedant, assumes, the more we monical-eyed English swear they are "it," and the "Cockney Kaw-n't be right, don't you know."

THE FIVE CIVILIZED TRIBES

THIS APPENDIX is incomplete, without some notes on the Five Tribes—Cherokees, Chickasaws, Choctaws, Creeks, and Seminoles—who controlled the domain formerly known as Indian Territory.

They are known as the "Five Civilized Tribes," while in a strict sense they were never savages.

Prior to the settlement of Tribal properties, and the allotment of their land in severalty, these tribes had each independent Soverign Governments over the whole of their respective Domains. Each had written constitution and laws, with Government divided into three co-ordinate branches—a legislature of two branches, elective by popular vote; an executive also elective, the Chief executive in the Chickasaw Nation being known as "Kufna" (Governor), and in the

other four as "Principal Chief" or Chief (Minco, in Choctaw Tongue). Judges of Courts were appointive and elective. Their laws were printed in both English and their respective languages, and distributed free to all citizens, whether white, mixed, or full-blood Indians. Their court and legislative procedure were conducted in both languages. In those of the Chickasaws (the author having been licensed to practice in their courts and employed to draft their legislative bills, became familiar with their practices) all bills and discussions, were presented in the language the member of the House or Senate of his choice, then immediately followed a translation into the other language. In the trial of cases all evidence was taken down in writing (English) before the Court and Jury, then read in both tongues. The addresses of the attorneys were usually made in English, then translated into Chickasaw. In their common schools and academies, English was exclusively taught. All tribes had schools and colleges entirely financed and managed by themselves. The Chickasaws had an educational system, unique among them. They had primary schools, all running ten months each year, with not less than ten or more than thirty-five pupils. The school building, the teacher, and books were free. Also every child's parent received $8.00 per month

for the child's attendance—no need of compulsary laws to secure attendance. All went to school. When the child passed the primary grades, it went to one of the Academies (they had four and one orphan home) where it received free board—every thing was free, except clothing. The Hon. C. D. Carter, of Ardmore, member of Congress since the State was admitted, received his education under their system, for they were thorough, as did Congress William Hastings, in the Cherokee schools.

All the funds came from the Tribal revenues, and yet Oklahoma is too poor to furnish free text-books.

Nor did the Chickasaws stop there. Every two years the Legislature selected twelve of the brightest boys of the tribe and sent them to some State or other university where they were graduated at the Tribe's expense.

The full-blood in all these tribes had basic honor and integrity. They had vices but never criminally inclined. God never created a more truthful witness in a Court of Justice than the full-blood Chickasaw, uncontaminated with the precepts and example of the White man. In fundamental traits of honor and morals, all the tribes were alike.

They had unique laws, peculiar to each tribe. The Chickasaws had a written Statute denying any Court the exercise of jurisdiction of a suit for debt—with them debt paying was an act of honor. Any man who failed to pay when he could, was ostracised. No one thereafter trusted him. Their position was that the government should not aid a man who made a bad loan, as it did not aid the man making a bad horse-trade.

In that day thirty years ago, the Chickasaw Nation was the best debt-paying community the writer every knew—and no trouble for any man to get credit. Every man was given a trial. This was true of both Whites and Indians. The writer represented a White man for theft, and privately he admitted it but gave in extenuation, that he "could not pay a just debt," without committing the larceny.

These governments were crude—their laws simple, plain, and understandable. They were just and equal. Never became as do too often the Governments of the White man:—*Too weak for the strong and too strong for the weak.*

These Five Tribes, unlike all others, were called "Nations," and indeed they were Miniature Nations, of Indian "Citizens" and with the United States as *Suzerain.* That is, their jurisdiction extended only to their own citizens, only and upon them, whether full-bloods, mixed, or

adopted whites—there were thousands of the latter—and that jurisdiction was complete and absolute in all things, excepting the national coinage, postal, and interstate-commerce laws and such United States laws as were purely national, similarly to the *Suzerainty* of Great Britain over the Transvaal in Africa. They differed from the American States in that they could not enforce their laws upon other persons residing within their domains; neither could they in suits-at-law or in equity exercise jurisdiction over persons or property of other persons, except in cases where such "non-citizen," as they were termed (persons not citizens of the Tribe), could and did wave the jurisdiction of the Indian Court. In such cases the Indian "National" Court retained full and final jurisdiction. Among the "Murray Collections" of the Indian Library at Okmulgee, Oklahoma, may be found the old Court Records of the Chickasaw Nation. In these Records may be found a case back in the '50's where a White man brought a suit for divorce against his wife (both United States citizens), as there were no other Courts in the Indian Territory at that date. The Indian Judge ruled that he had jurisdiction because both parties had waived jurisdiction, voluntarily, and granted the divorce. Some twenty or so years later, a case (Mehlon

vs. Ice) was appealed from the Cherokee Tribal Court to the Eighth Federal Circuit Court at St. Louis. That Court upheld the Indian Court's decree because the United States citizen-party-to-the-cause had waived his personal jurisdiction. They also differ from the States of the Union in that no Federal Court could review or bring into question the constitutionality of their laws or Court procedure or relieve any person, triable in their Courts, on the grounds that such person had not a trial "according to law" or had been denied life, liberty, or property, "without a due process of the law." They were final. Nor were they like the States in that their powers were not irrevocably defined, hence the *Suzerainty* of the United States.

REMOVAL OF FIVE CIVILIZED TRIBES

Chickasaws, Choctaws, Cherokees, Creeks, and Seminoles

The removal of the Five Civilized Tribes to Oklahoma was effectuated by contract through a series of years, with private companies, under escort of Army officers, the Indian Bureau at that time having been under the Secretary of War. The papers and Documents are voluminous, and have never been indexed, and, therefore, to obtain them, required months of research by clerks of the Indian Bureau. How-

ever, at the instance of the Hon. C. D. Carter, the Hon. Chas. H. Burke, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, very kindly placed at the disposal of the writer every opportunity to "dig up" these records, and by this means a valuable Document, in form or contract, photographed, was found, showing the details of the Removal of the Creeks, which was the essential method used in the case of all the other four Tribes. It is reproduced as illustrating the method used. In words and figures it is given verbatim, as follows:

"CONTRACT FOR REMOVAL OF THE CREEKS.

(Doc. No. 2.)

C

"ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

"Entered into this thirteenth day of August, eighteen hundred and thirty-six, between Captain John Page, United States army, and superintendent of Creek removal, under the authority of the President of the United States, on the part of the United States, and James C. Watson, Edward Hanrick, Felix G. Gibson, R. W. Williams, A. Abercrombie, Alfred Iverson, George Whitman, S. M. Ingersoll, James Aber-

crombie, William A. Campbell, William J. Beattie, John D. Howell, William Walker, and T. Gilman, to be known in said articles as, and acting under the firm and style of, the Alabama Emigrating Company.

"This agreement witnesseth: That the said Captain John Page, United States army, for and in behalf of the United States of America, and the said Alabama Emigrating Company, their heirs, executors and administrators, have agreed, and by these presents do mutually covenant and agree,

"1. That the said Alabama Emigrating Company, their heirs, &c., shall remove the Creek Indians, occupants of the Creek nation in the State of Alabama, from said nation to a point in the new country allotted to the Creeks, west of the territory of Arkansas, and within twenty miles of Fort Gibson; to wit: men, women, and children, with their slaves, and their goods and chattels, as hereinafter provided, in manner and form, and for the consideration specified in the articles of agreement.

"2. That the said Alabama Emigrating Company, their heirs, &c., shall collect the Indians together at such times and places as the superintendent, under the orders of the commanding

general, shall direct; and said Indians shall be subsisted by them from the day designated by said superintendent for their departure.

"3. That the said Alabama Emigrating Company, their heirs, &c., will despatch to the new country aforesaid, by such routes as the superintendent shall point out, parties of one thousand Indians, or more, under the conduct of such agents as the said Alabama Emigrating Company, their heirs, &c., may appoint; the Indians having first been carefully enrolled.

"4. That the following shall be the ration, and the kind and quantity of transportation, to which the Indians, &c., shall be entitled, viz: the ration of bread shall be one pound of wheat flour, Indian meal, or hard bread, or three-fourths of a quart of corn. The meat ration shall be one pound of fresh, or three-quarters of a pound of salt meat or bacon; and with fresh meat, two quarts of salt to every hundred rations.

"The transportation shall be one five-horse wagon and fifteen hundred pounds of baggage to from seventy to eighty persons. The provisions and transportation shall be of the best of their kind. The average daily travel shall not exceed from twelve to fifteen miles, to be determined by the officer and surgeon.

"5. That the provisions shall be issued daily, if practicable, and not less frequently than every other day, as well whilst at rest as during the travel, until the day (inclusive) of arrival at the point of destination west; and that there shall be established immediately points upon the entire route westward, at which the provisions are to be issued.

"6. That the sick, those enfeebled from age or other cause, and young children, shall be transported in wagons or on horseback; that those who may be pronounced unable to proceed may be left on the route at some proper place, and under the care of some person, at the expense of the United States.

"7. That the Indians' ponies shall be given, from day of starting westward, one-half gallon of corn each; provided such disposition in the active operations of their removal may be made of them, not to include the hauling of wagons before mentioned, as the said Alabama Emigrating Company, and their heirs, &c., may deem proper; but that they will not be separated from the company to which their owners are respectively attached, nor compelled to carry other baggage or persons than those belonging to the family of their owners.

"8. That the said Alabama Emigrating Company, their heirs, &c., shall be entitled to twenty-eight dollars and fifty cents a head for each person transported from the Creek nation to the place of delivery before mentioned; and for all persons who may die or be necessarily left on the way as authorized by article 6 of this contract, an amount, in proportion to the distance travelled; provided that the evidence herein required in such cases, of arrival westward, &c., is furnished to the proper department. The amount due to the said Alabama Emigrating Company, their heirs, &c., to be promptly paid at such points as may be previously indicated by them, and under instructions to be hereafter given by the War Department.

"9. The removal of the Indians being a military operation, and under the direction of the military authorities, the said Alabama Emigrating Company, their heirs, &c., shall not coerce them; all threats and violence toward them are prohibited: and they (the Indians) shall be treated by the said Alabama Emigrating Company, their heirs, &c., and by the agent of the same, with lenity, forbearance, and humanity.

"10. That the said United States will furnish the following agents, viz:

"1st. A *superintendent,* whose duty it shall be to remain within the limits of the Creek nation during the proper season for operations under this contract, for the purpose of seeing that its stipulations are fulfilled by the parties thereto. He will not be accountable in any way for his acts to the said Alabama Emigrating Company, their heirs, &c.; and that such superintendent shall decide whether seventy or eighty, or any intermediate number of Indians, ought, consistently with the health and comfort of them, to be assigned to each wagon.

"2nd. Two or more *military or other agents,* one or more of whom shall accompany each party west. The duties of these agents shall be to attend particularly to the treatment received by the Indians, their rations and transportation; to remonstrate against any course of conduct on the part of the agents of the said Alabama Emigrating Company, their heirs, &c., inconsistent with the letter and spirit of this contract; and if a remedy can be found out in a pecuniary expenditure, to make it; which said expenditure (if approved of by the superintendent) shall be deducted from the payments to be made under this contract to the said Alabama Emigrating Company, their heirs, &c.

"3d. A *surgeon* for each emigrating party, whose duty it shall be to attend to the sick thereof. He shall also be the arbiter in cases of difference of opinion between the agents of the United States and of the said Alabama Emigrating Company, relative to the quality of provisions, the time and place of issuing the same, and the time of starting and stopping on the daily travel; and he shall also decide whether invalids may be left on the way, and take care that they are provided for, agreeably to article 6 of this contract; and enter upon the roll the time and place of such occurrence, with the date of decease of all Indians who may die on the route.

"4th. A *disbursing agent* in the new Creek country west of the Mississippi, whose duty it shall be to receive the Indians as they arrive, to muster them, and to certify upon the roll presented to him by the agent of the said Alabama Emigrating Company, their heirs, &c., the result of that muster; said muster to take place on the day of arrival (if practicable) at the point of destination.

"And that the said Alabama Emigrating Company, their heirs, &c., shall render every facility to the aforesaid superintendent, mili-

tary, medical, and disbursing agents, that may be necessary to enable them freely to attend to the duties of their several offices.

"11. That the said Alabama Emigrating Company shall hold themselves in readiness at all times to proceed in the discharge of their duties under this contract, and are to commence the removal of such parties, and at such times and places, as may be designated by the superintendent of Creek removal, upon notice being given them of the time and place of starting, and the number of the party to be removed.

"12. And it is also hereby reserved to the United States to annul this contract, to all intents, at any time the aforesaid superintendent, under the orders of the general or officer commanding in the Creek country, may deem proper, upon a non-compliance therewith on the part of the said Alabama Emigrating Company.

"*Provided*, and it is hereby understood by the contracting parties, that all such matters as are merely in the nature of regulations, and do not affect the pecuniary interests of the said Alabama Emigrating Company, their heirs, &c., are saved to the United States; and that, under all circumstances, the United States have complete control of their own officers and agents;

and further, that where infractions of this contract exist, they must be alleged by either party at the time of their occurrence, and that no effect whatever is to be given hereafter to allegations not thus brought forward.

"Witness our hands and seals, this 13th day of August, eighteen hundred and thirty-six.

JOHN PAGE, *Capt. and Supt. of Creeks* (seal.)
J. C. WATSON, (seal.)
EDW. HANRICK, (seal.)
WM. WALKER, (seal.)
ALFRED IVERSON, (seal.)
S. M. INGERSOLL, (seal.)
WAIT S. HOYT, (seal.)
A. ABERCROMBIE, (seal.)
GEO. WHITMAN, (seal.)
WM. A. CAMPBELL, (seal.)
JOHN SHACKELFORD, (seal.)

"Signed, sealed, and delivered, and duplicates exchanged in presence of M. W. BATMAN, *1st Lieutenant 6th Infantry.*"

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